

we worry about ~~what~~ that, Luther? It's better on beyond after this life's over. She took pneumonia and did die. Winter ~~Gibson~~ was there when he was a christian and she had him to sing the most beautiful song. I forget what it was now (she apparently requested it) There was never anyone who had a better mother than I did. There was never a more devoted christian. She was permitted--gave witness to ..... her brother, Otha, died and came to life and he told all about Heaven and who was in heaven. Told them how beautiful it was. The Savior took him all over heaven and let him look down into hell. He said a boy on Elk, a wicked boy, and the savior asked him "what did you take my name in vain?" --he was in the flames of fire. He told what boy it was. Otha said: "Joe's saved. He's here with me, ain't you see him? (Joe apparently had died shortly before Otha with diptheria). --and there's the Savior. Dad: Joe was a mischevious boy and never joined the church and was never converted. Maybe never had the chance. He was raised by christian parents (David Hannah) They were uneasy about him because he was so mischevious. He died about a week or 10 days before that. That is what made the family such devored Christians. One of them, Uncle George, became a preacher. Otha could permore miracles. He said "I can throw that handkerchief up against the loft (ceiling) and it'll stay there" He threw a red handkerchief up there and it, they said, looked like just a space of a knife blade between it and the wall, and stayed there through that day and night and next day when grandmother asked what time he was burried--she had a small baby (Mary)(and couldn't go to funeral) and they said about 2 o'clock, when they put him in the grave, up there above Marvin, ah (uncle ) George Hannahs--that's the Hannah graveyard. She said she noticed the handkerchief laying across the back of a chair. He (Otha) said: I can take that child and put it in the fire (fireplace) and it won't burn". They wouldn't let him have the baby to put in the fire. Otha said "I can show you where Heaven is. They (his mother etc.) went outside and he said "up there's heaven--right back of Sam Hannah's--the whole heaven's lit up. Otha said "up this way, Pap's coming. He called him pap. He was coming home from a sale (up Elk) He told grandfather (David) everything that he bought at the Sale. Among the things, you bought a colt for Sara and I (brother and sister) Grandfather said "yes I was going to give it to you and Sarah (Dad's mother) David said "Son, you've come back to stay with me?" Otha said "no, it's too beautiful over in heaven. I've come to stay only a little while. I wish you'd make me a pallet before the fire". After about an hour or two. He laid down on the pallet before the fire and didn't move a hand nor foot. Just like going to sleep. That is what made them, well they were good Christians anyway. Grandfather (David) wouldn't eat anything cooked on Sunday. I don't know if it was before that or not. It had to be cooked on Satur day. You know, when it rained manna from Heaven to feed the Iseralites they could only geather it one day at a time. If they picked two days at once it would spoil. If they geathered it on Sat. it would stay good on Sunday to eat. George commented that he heard a preacher say "a man who fed stock on Sunday wasn't a christian. I disagreed with him" Dad: your're right. Because He spoke one place: "Who is it that won't pull the ox out of the ditch?" When they went through the field plucking corn or wheat, you know, some of the people critized them--the deciples plucking wheat(of grains) because they were breaking the sabbath. and he said: "I am the Lord of the sabbeth and ~~what~~ of you if the ox fell in the ditch wouldn't pull it out on Sunday? That means that things that have to be done, I think, possibly, it would be more harm to let the stock to starve and suffer than to feed it. YOU'd be doing a righteous act.

(End of 2nd half of reel-to-reel tape.

--the first side. -----

Cassette #4B

Start on 2nd reel-to-reel.

SHARP 4

Otha

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Dad: Hanson Doyle said "I saw Jesus, I saw him face to face. I know him. I've met him". (Dad apparently telling of a vision he himself had): Dad: I said "I had the same experience." but I didn't tell it. Vision: I was out here on top of the hill about 5 years ago and an aunt I hadn't seen in years, Aunt Lear (or Lehr) Hannah. There was some other woman, came up from the old school house and coming up the hill-- I watched them and there was aunt Lear. I'd forgotten what she looked like--uncle George Hannah's wife. She'd been dead for several years, and she said "Luther, look yonder, look yonder". and for 2 or 3 years I couldn't speak of that without crying. It's hard to do it yet. I looked around and I never saw the heavens so beautiful in my life. There came the Savior with the most decorated stars(?) I ever saw on this earth--all around on his wings and crown. The most beautiful stars you ever saw in this world. He came on and there were two others in behind him. I wasn't to know who they were. I believe was my first wife, Laura and daughter Creola. They were decorated. You've never seen soldiers decorated that could compare anywhere. And I wondered about about---they got Christ's picture on a pocket handkerchief(?) and I wondered if that was a picture of him on it or not, but it is. Talk about a personality--the finest personality I ever looked on the face of. And I kind of had a fear--entering in to the presence of God--a poor weak sinner like me., and he came on down to top of the graveyard hill---there was no timber there at all. And I said "shake hands with me" and he reached down and shook hands with me. (Dad weeping). It was no dream. It was a vision. Aunt Lear called my attention to it. She said "Luther look back yonder. And then when I woke up. Aunt Lear and this other woman was walking in their ordinary clothes like when they were here on earth. She said "Luther look yonder". The sky was decorated with stars of various colors, gold, silver and came coming closer till they came to the graveyard. The speak ~~six~~ ~~several~~ that people are not permitted to look on the face of their creator. I've already had that privilege if I never see him again, and I shook hands with him.

End

Saw Jesus



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Tape begins at Ivan's at Nitro Xmas ~~XXX~~ 1949--message to L.D. A.M.  
Evan: "Merry Christmas, Grandad" --giggles. Genevieve: Merry Xmas Dad &  
Mabel, and Si and all the little ones. Rufus: Merry Xmas to you Dad.  
We all wish we could be there with you this AM. And Si I hope you are  
feeling fine and enjoying Xmas like we are down here at Nitro. We've  
Just had a wonderful time. Violet: Well, good morning good old Dad.  
It's so nice to be here at Ivan's this AM, but it'd be so much nicer  
if we could all be up there with you and Si. We've been looking at some  
pictures and some we had of Paul and Vonda, and we've been thinking of  
them down in Texas, and I am sure you are too. We wish you you're  
having a peaceful happy Xmas up there and the new year will bring you  
peace and prosperity. We hope you'll all come real soon down to Richmond  
and we'll all have a nice family reunion together. God Bless each  
one of you is my prayer. Ivan: Merry Xmas Dad, Mable and Si and those  
about you. Genevieve and I would like to be up there with you. It  
happens to be Sunday and Xmas up there with you.....(?)....  
We played it to Dad Xmas night: He laughed happily about it. Dave asked  
about hunting: Dad: I started in on Monday morning at 4 o'clock and  
hunted all week. Saw several does and on Friday my lucky day, I saw  
a deer at a distance and I had to back out from where I was and go  
about a 1/4 a mile around to get up on the deer and got down and crawled  
and had everything going my way, and I had about 30 yards yet to crawl  
and don't you know that big deer that was feeding was in a fair opening  
and Henry Shaver was watching from a distance when we first saw it. And  
a scoundrel, I don't really know what you'd call him, ha, came up on  
the other side and when I got up to lay my gun on the rail fence to  
shoot the big buck it was gone. That's how he scared it and ran it away.  
I lost out and lost faith. Then on Sat. I went out and Henry Gibson  
asked if Lowell could go along. I said "yes, I need a partner, and so  
Ivan, Ralph, Evan was back on the mountain and I think they ran the deer  
to me. I shot and broke it's leg and followed it's track about 300 yards  
and that time he laid there! a 6-prong buck and he was a dandy. Well,  
just after killing it I looked ~~add~~ saw 4 deer going across the ridge.  
One was large. I told Lowell to go back up to where I was on a stand  
and I'd follow the deer around and go across at the head of the other  
hollow, as I wasn't allowed to kill any more. When I got over there they  
had gone through. Just now I heard Lowell commence bang! bang! bang!  
He shot about 6 shots and the last shot hit him in the back bone and  
dropped him down. When I went up there he had an 8 point buck, a dandy!  
If you don't call that luck I don't know what you'd call it! We'd  
hunted all week and then on Sat we had our first luck after seeing so  
many ~~xxxx~~ does. ha. Uncle George here (Mabel's uncle?) 1st day of the  
season he was afraid of getting shot. Wouldn't go in the woods so he  
sat up on the mountain and some one ran a big buck by him and he dropped  
it. He came to the house and said "Henry, come up here quick. I got  
him--I got him!" I hollered for Ivan and Evan came by him and helped  
carry it in. It was the best luck we've had for years. I gave Ivan the  
head and hide and horns. And he is having it mounted. And Uncle George  
is giving him his (Dave: these must be the two deer heads of Ivan's  
mounted on one board--?) I didn't know Ivan would mount them so I messed  
up the neck of Uncle George's.

.....Si telling about someone backing into Frank's car etc. and about  
Dumire in 2nd world war.

Dave: I hear you killed some coons--? Dad: Well sir, I caught our  
limit. We have the best coon dogs--most any night you can get a coon.  
We go over to the apple orchard across the creek. We don't go so far from  
the house and over on the other farm (old home place). Dave: can't we go  
tonight? Dad: This is Sunday night!--my boy. Don't you regard the  
sabbath and keep it holy? ha. ha. SI: (kidding) Dad's dogs hunt on Sunday.  
He made us go to church on Sunday but he doesn't make the dogs go!

Coons

*206* Dad: I went over the hill one night by myself and the dogs treed a coon up a wild cherry tree beyond that barn (the big red barn?) I went up there and there were 3 coons. I shot one and one jumped out 25 feet from the tree--near the wagon house. The dogs knew the coons were in the tree. I tried to get them to chase the coon but they'd run back to that tree. and it got away. But I shot the two out and you should have seen the dogs fight them. I had the ~~ma~~ awfulest load. I hunted up a wire and tied them together. I was worn out when I got home.

Si: talking about army tank binoculars etc.  
Dad--telling a story of the Civil war that was on the Edison Phonograph (Dave has the phonograph and the record) --about the colored man "darky" in the army. They asked the darky that was enlisting in the army how many battles he'd been in previously. Darkey: Well, I've been in thousands of battles. Enlisten: there wasn't thousands of battles. Darkey: well, I've been in loo(s of battles..... Well I know I've been in two battles. Recruiter: what were they? Darkey: the battle with my wife and the battle of Bull's run. Recruiter: I bet at the battle of Bull's Run you did some running? Darkey: "Yesss Sirrrreee ! When the ordered retreat I sure ran ! Recruiter: what about the battle with your wife? Darkey: Oh, I surrendered ! ha, ha. He then said to the captain: I want you to do me one favor. I don't want you to put me in the cavalry---so, when the captain say's "retreat!", I don't want a horse to hole me back in the retreat." ..... some not clear.....

*Gum Mathias*

Si: ...Gum Mathias..... then Si telling about a teacher going up on Elk ... and Sandy (or Andy) wouldn't study. Parents told teacher to make him study anyhow. He said "I ..... him once but id doesn't do a bit o good". So the next morning he (teacher) said we'll all study now. Andy, get put your book and study. He said Andy wouldn't open his book. So he went back and caught him by the top of his shirt and he said he just shook him almost out of his clothes, tore all the buttons off his shirt. He set him back in his seat and Andy opened up his book and he studied from then on. The teacher stopped by the home and they asked him if Andy studied? He said: didn't Andy tell you? They said "no, he never tells us anything. The teacher said he studied fine. I just shook him till all the buttons fell off his shirt. Then old lady said: "that's alright, I'll sewe them back on". ha, ha.

Dave: Dad, did you know Gum Mathias the teacher?

Dad: I reckon I did know him ! Si: "wasn't you and some other boy going to whip him one time"? Dad: Davis Hannah, Joe Sharp and I---we saw him about beat the daylight out of other kids. He had a stick about 20 inches long---he'd cut on it as a regulator (a ruler?) and he used it to prop up the window. He'd just jerk that out of the window and grab a youngen' and blister him right ! ---almost wear him out. So we three made it up that if he jumped one of us we'd join to gether and we'd lick the old man. We were in our teens (1s?) ha, ha. ~~max~~ One day....he always would court some girl (student) --pick out some girl to court. Gum Mathias had 3 fingers on one hand and two on the other. (Dave: Raymond Mace wrote me the same thing !) Dad: He had high shoulders. A head as big as William Jennings Bryant. Smart enough and all like that. One day we were out there playing draw ball.. and they threw, you know, the ball to the other side and whoever was hit it put you out .. and so I dove for it and someone missed it. He yelled: "you jumped behind that girl to keep from getting hit"! He talked so independenat and mean. I looked for the other boys but neither was there that day. I said "Gum Mathias, I didn't do it ! I was beginning to think about the girls too, ha. He said: "don't you tell me you didn't jumpe behind that girl to keep from getting hit." I said no sir I did not. Dave: did he do anything to you? Dad: no, he stopped there.

*↑ Gum Mathias*



*Sharon Napstad 207*

Dad telling about being nearly shot on a haystack:  
 Dad: I went up in the meadow to feed the calves. Took Albert Hannah along. He was a boy that came from school. (both 12 or 13 ??) I took my gun along with me. There were snow birds ou in the snow. While I was throwing the hay off the stack I told him to kill one of them. All you had to do was to barely touch the trigger on that gun. So e wiggled around trying to get a sight on a bird.--we didn't have English sparrows then-- I hadn't seen one till about 60 years ago. I said: reach me that gun and I'll show you how to kill one. He was reaching the gun up to me. I had a hold of the stack pole and reaching down to him. He hadn't let the hammer down and he touched that trigger and the bullet went along the side of my temple and I just fell. I was numb. Wjen I got over that numbness I felt my head to see if blood. I remember it as well as yesterday. I said "Albert, you've shot me" ! He said: "don t you tell Paps, he'll whip me to death"! I asked him if he saw any blood and he said he didn't. *L. D. Sharp*

Story of Dad stomping a skunk to death !

Dad: I was coming up from the Porter Morre house (mouth of Slatyfork creek --up that steep path--side of the hill near Sla yfork creek. I'd been down to Uncle Harmon Sharp's one night. I heard something coming above the path in the leaves. Skunks were worth about \$2. Money was scarce. It was a skunk. I jumped on the skunk ~~skunk~~ above a cliff of rocks and my feet slipped,,,where the bank is awful steep. I landed at the bottom and broke my lantern globe. I was hurt so bad I thought I'd lay there a minute. I'd gone 20 feet--rolled down to the bottom. By the way, I felt something digging under me. I'd caught that skunk sliding down there and I had it down tight and it couldn't do a thing. So I raised up just a little bit. I got off as soon as he started kicking and scratching. Oh, land of mercy, it threw that scent all over me and I got up and stomped that skunk to death. ha, ha. Those boots I had on they stunk every time I'd warm them up--(Dave: I guess before the fire place that winter) and I'd think of that old skunk, Ha. Well, I got the skunk ~~skunk~~ alright! Another skunk story:

Dad: My father and I, we tracked some skunks in down the creek bank -- back under a big flat rock. We got a mattock and went to digging. We built a fire in below it trying to smoke it out. You can't smoke them out or we didn't that time. We blew the smoke back under that rock. So we ~~jumped on the skunk and he jumped on us; skunk jumped in and thought we could dig in back behind that flat rock. We dug down. My father was digging and told me to watch below. He said: I'm coming through on it. The mattock broke in to it here. Now you watch there with that stick. I was watching. The smoke had strained my eyes. He puched down in there and instead of the skunk throwing it out his way he filled my eyes full through that smoke, Ha, ha. Great lands'. The reason the dog wallows and rubs his head in the grass, it's not the smell. it's butns just like fire. I strained my eyes to seea dn it was about 10 feet to the creek. I made about five jumps into the creek and stuck my head right down in the water to get it out of my eyes. I washed and rubbed it out. My father finally killed the skunk.~~

Story of Uncle Hugh chased by a bear ! *Hugh & Bear*

Dad: That's when Uncle Harmon Sharp said he heard an old deer and she had fawns in there (up on the mountain)(in a brush thicket) Uncle Hugh, just abboy, went yp there on Sunday morning. He had a dream that night that he had a fight with a bear and he had a cane with a knot on it. He'd get deer and raise them. He wanted to get one of those fawns. With a young fawn you squall and holler and they'll stay down. when they are a few days old. You can run up and catch them. He went up there and there was an old she bear and a cubs in there ! He'd cut this cane off as he went up the hill just like he'd dreamed of. I t had a knot on it, just like in the dream

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He then heard the noise in the thick brush, so he made a jump in there a hollering to catch the fawn. Instead of a deer it was an old she bear! He kept saying "akh, akh, akh" and backing up and putting up a brave face to the bear till he got outside. and he said he ran down over the hill. He was just a boy. He saw a big hollow log and he said "I just piled into that old log and went in as far as I could go---if that bear had followed me that was just where ~~he~~ she would have wanted me" ha, ha. He made the bear think he was brave until he got out of there.

.....~~Ray~~ Dad: Everybody has an influence on some one. I was watching a baby in it's mother's arms. The little fellow yawned. I stopped in the middle of my talking and yawned. So I said: "Everyone has an influence. You may not think so, but you ~~do~~ do." I said pardon me, but I watched that little baby and it had enough influence over me to cause me to yawn. They all laughed."

More deer hunting--not clear: on the mountain--Henry Lorraine, Lowell. --telling strategy etc.

Dad driving his first car home : Dad:

It was in 1915 that I bought my first car. (Ivan thought it was 1914) You can count it up--15 from 49 is 35 years. I went over to Marlinton fair grounds (to learn) and drove it around two or three times. Then they took me out (out of the fair ground) and started home. and Mr. Burr who was with me--and another fellow was following us in another car---we didn't have good roads then They were muddy

(They turned Dad loose there at Campbelltown and Dad started home on the old dirt road) (Tape is blurred but here is some of it): ... I drove down to Charles McGuire's place .....(someone) in a wagon. and the horses started hollering (with fright) I stopped, and they held the horses. I was afraid the horses would jump out in the road, you know. I came on down to Page Hannahs, ..... ha, ha. (Dave: I remember him telling that he had to back up on a curve there with great difficulty.) ---and he came on home.

(1st car)



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(from Reel and Cassettes #8) Sat, Dec 31, 1949

(L.D., Ivan, Genevieve, Dave, Evan) Starts Dad and Ivan singing. Then eating at the table. Singing "Little Star of Bethlehem". Then Ivan saying the blessing at the table. (blurred) Ivan: "Our dear heavenly Father we thank thee for thy goodness and kindness, and watching over us and taking careous and permitted us to assemble around this family table again. Bless this food to the good of our bodies and bless our fellowship together and at last save us in they kingdom, we ask it in Jesus' name. Amen." Ivan: Everybody help yourselves. Violet: thank you. Sylvia--wanted some of the hot bread. Dad: help yourself..... (a lot of it unclear).....

Dave: are you going coon hunting tonight too, Dad? Dad: you've never heard of "LD" to fail! --only that time I wasn't there, ha. I go over here (meadow across the creek)(corn) when nobody else goes. I have to go by myself. Ivan: have you got any sideboards for my plate? Dave: Evan, are you going coon hunting tonight, too? Evan: yes! Dave: aren't you afraid of coons? Dad: well we have a slim chance..... Dave: Ivan did you hear about one coon falling in the river? Ivan: yes, I heard about that. Dad: I hated that, I believe that was the biggest coon this year. He fell out of the tree asdead as a door's nail. Eunice asked me how that term got started--she'd heard it all her life. ....

Dad: Jr. won't drink any mild from his Dad's cows, he's afraid it isn't good like Cinti. mild. I believe he's afraid of the milkagg (Henry Shaver's milking--unpasteurized). Dave: Ivan's a traitor to his country--he's drinking tea. Ivan: my wife, "Eve" persuaded me. Dad: Is there any ice for my mild? Dave: If it hadn't been for the Boston tea party, maybe we'd be drinking tea. Dad: How was that? Dave: didn't you study that in histroy? Dad: no, I didn't. Dave: The British taxed the tea to payfor their soldiers over here and we didn't want that, so our men dressed up like Indians and threw all the tea off the ships into the sea. Dad: They did? Dave: then the revolutionary war started. Ivan Taxation without representation. Dad. Then the didn't let us send representatives from this country?

Dad: Do we have any maple syrup? Genevieve: here's some apple butter. Dad: Ivan and Jr. do you want some of this maple syrup? Dad: Jr. go there in the delco house, there's a whole case of honey brought back from the time the other day (trip peddling in Randolph?) and get you some of that honey. It's already in cartons. Ivan: If you're going coon hunting, better eat a lot. The dogs are barking to go now. Dad: oh, those dogs can bark! (Eunice came in kitchen) Genevieve: Hi, Eunice. Come in..(Everyone said "happy new year" Dad: come eat with us. .... (she finally sat to eat) ..... (food mentioned at the table: strawberry jam chicken, ham, cottage salad, apple butter, beans, pudding, cheese hot bread, cranberry, etc.

Mable: I'd like to take Dave & Sylvia to church tomarrow. Dave: are you having a contest? Mable yes. .... (calendar shows it to be Sat, 31st '49) (William Morgan) Dave: is Edgar still living? Dad: no, Edgar has been dead for years. Will's still living. Ivan met him at the Ramsey reunion. I didn't get to go ..... He looked old. You've seen Uncle Will, haven't you? Dave: yes. ... Genevieve: Ivan wanted to get Dad some tires, so I thought they ought to have something for the house, so I got some fostoria. .... Ivan: Plymouth is going to put out a cheap car, something like the Crosley. Dad: what do you call cheap? Ivan:, oh, about a thousand dollars. Genevieve: Kaeser-Frazier is making a cheaper car too ..... (table talk) Dad: I was fishing up at Eula KRM (Russel-Kyle) Hannah's and I had a ..... and the old bull came at me bellowing and I brabbed a rock and I hauledaway and hit him right between the eyes. I told Eula that I hit him. ....

(Evan must have cut his own hair) Mable: we almost had to get him a whig. Dad: turn your head around and show what the "barber" did. Evan: Si trimmed it off. Mable: I remember Ralph cut his one time.

Dad:; Thayer did the biggest <sup>(on his)</sup> Eunice: Lowell cut his one time.

Dad: Ivan, one time, a little fellow, sat down to get his hair cut on the old house porch. I had the clippers. Then I had to go from the old house down to the store. A fellow hollered "Hello" at the store. I said sit there Ivan while I go wait on him. When I came back he'd started in right here and he cut up to there. So I had to cut his hair all off short to straighten it. Dave: Remember the time that Si and Paul cut Donald's hair off short? There was a circus over at the old place (in upper creek meadow) They just shaved to top of his head to look just like a bald-headed man. He was just a little boy, about like Evan, and they left just a little hair around above his ears. Dad always said we had to go to church, but he wouldn't let Donald go for a month. Dad: He'd attract too much attention with everyone laughing, you know. I scolded the boys about it. ha, ha. Mabel: Dave, you cut Freda Phares' brother's hair off one time. Eunice: wasn't his name Jim? Dave: This Rhea up here that carries the mail. His boy came down and had me to cut his hair. I just cut a road through the top.  
Dad: the only time I ever had to whip Jr. in church --you were a little fellow and pinned a clothe on a fellow's coat tail, ha, ha. And I gave him an awful good whipping over that. ha, ha. He was an awful mischievous little fellow ..... he was about the age of Evan.....  
(coon hunting talk): Dave: You're not going to take a gun are you, Ivan?  
Evan: if dad will want me to. Dave: Give him a shotgun! Evan: (knowing I was kidding said) "hu hu" Dad: you don't have a light gun like a 22? ..... Dave: Dad you might as well ride over there with us.....  
Dad: We may go to Cinti and stay a few days, ha, ha. Ivan: I was thinking why didn't you and Mabel come down to our place for Xmas and then come up with Dave and Sylvia. Dad: We just couldn't get away, if we had 100 invitations.....we know we have an invitation all the time, so we don't need an invitation. Ivan: If you'll come down I'll bring you back any Friday ~~at~~ night. Dad: This was awful dangerous wasn't it, --Dave coming in? (snow on roads). Two years ago it snowed 15 feet deep up on Middle Mt. meadow. Ivan: these tires will help you an awful lot. Dad: I bought two tires---knobby treads. Ivan: yes, they should be on rear together.  
End of the big reel #8 .----

If the cassette is turned over it will be garbled until last 1/3 and it may repeat what is on the first side?  
Some of it may be ~~is~~ clearer than other side.  
There is some talk about the first cars (after the war?) If so, this tape may have been before 1949--maybe 1947 ?? (At one place Dave said: "it was about August when we got it. They started making them about Feb. or March....) So...????

The box the #8 reel was in is dated "Dec 31" Then Mabel said she wanted Dave & Sylvia to go to church tomorrow (Sunday) indicating it was Sat that the tape was made. The only Saturday Dec. 31st is in 1949.  
so ....



Dad, Ivan, ~~Oles~~ Gibson, Ralph? Lowell? Si Reel #6 (A)  
(1st half of LD and 2nd half of reel 6 is of Friels)

Dad: a fellow told me, he came here wanting to buy sheep and said someone told him Marvin Hannah wanted to sell all the sheep he had this year, because they had abortions and wer all losing their lambs. Some ewes lose their lambs before their time. .... cause cows too. ...should take that ewe from the other sheep. It's a disease. Ivan: (or ~~Oles~~)?: Veo has lost 4 calves this year. Dad: He only got 5 calves. He had nine and lost 4 of them Otis: The Mace woman down ther, she lost twin calves. Dad: I feel sorry for her. Who's cow had twin calves? ~~XXXX~~ Otis: one of hers. Dad: Nelia Mace's? Lately? ~~Oles~~: She was telling me here last week "I was down at Harry's and ..... and she lost 5 cows. Dad: Well, she lost three when ..... well there must be something wrong! Si: what was wrong with Veo's calves: Ivan: Veo's not lost any before, Si. Dad: I think he lost two last year. Ivan, well last year he lost one, but well he just had a bad time of it. We lost two last year because of carlessness, and this year I set my head to there wouldn't be any carlessness. If we had losses it wouldn't be our fault, and we never lost a one out of 11. .... Dad: He said she wouldn't jump three rails.... bought her and took her home and put her in a x 8-rail fence and she cleared it! and went back on old H. Schearer and told him you said she wouldn't jump a three rail fence. He said: "she won't, she won't --she'll just step over it! ha, He wasa pretty slick trader. He sold a horse to a fellow. He was asked how he pulled. Schearer: On, that horse with a wagon, when you come to a hill he's right there. The man bought it. When ~~he~~ got to a hill he "was there"! He ~~back~~ backed and wouldn't pull a lick. ha. Dad: With a buggy rake she backed all over the field. If we had the rakes pointing the other wah! ha. That old big grey mare, weighing about 1500 lbs. Do you remember her, Si: Si? No. Dad: I don't know who we got her from. She wasa bay mare. She wouldn't run off or kick, but when you put her in a buggy rake she'd commence backing, backing. You couldn't make her go foreward. I didn't keep her long. I traded her off, ha.

..... in a wagon, And when she started in a wagon she'd pull it all. But when she got to a steep place or a heavy load she'd just quit. She'd been spoiled. Dave: Your Dad cut a horse's foot out of the log barn. Dad: That was Black Sam's (negor's) horse. I can show you over in that old barn now where he chopped that hors's foot out. I'd like to show to show it to you sometime. (Dave: Dad showd we boys the notch chopped out of the log in the log barn near the old store building, beside the road). Talk about an axman--there never was am better one in this country! He chopped left or right handed. That horse got down in there and rolling and ran his foot thru the barn in between the logs. Black Sam came to stay all night, him and Marge. He was a colored man. And sir, when that horse put it's foot between the longs there was no way in the world to get him out. We couldn't lift that big ole horse up and he (Silas) took an ax and..... Black Sam said "oh, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Sharp, be careful, Mr. Sharp" Dad: He just chopped onex side and turned to the left side and chopped. You could hardly see an ax mark on either side. He chopped that horse's foot out of there. The horse walked awy asif nothing had ever happedned to him. That ole darkie, I can hear him yet saying "Oh, Mr. Sharp, be careful". Si: Where did the live? Dad: They lived down here at the Pogue place (below Slatyfork). Dad: Another black man: One day I was hungry and they had the sheep penned. Isn't it wonderful how children can remember? They had the sheep penned over across the creek at the head of that meadow and there was a rail fence clear around that meadow and they built a pen there and was shearing sheep. I wanted something to eat so my mother sent over here to her house (? old log house--bee house now?) for a piece of bread. And Black Marge, she brought the mail (??) over, you know. the sandwich for me to eat. And I told mother "I ain't going to eat that bread, cause

looks at her hands, how black they are" My mother tried to fix it up 212  
you know so it wouldn't make her feel bad, ha, ha. Mother said "oh, her  
hands are clean, they are just that color", ha, ha. And I didn't  
eat it, ha,

Dave: who was the black man you scared? Dad: he was the one that  
helped build that concrete bridge over the hill. I said "how do you do  
Mrs. Hannah" and he thought Mrs. Hannah was right there and scared him  
almost out of his boots, ha, ha. Dave: what was he doing? Dad: "What  
was he doing?" I knew you'd come to that, ha, ha. Dave: did his pants  
get wet? Dad: there was no one (Mrs. Hannah) near him, ha. (The black  
man was taking a leak) ~~He~~ was a stranger to me. I'd never meet him  
before. That's why he thought there really was a woman right there, ha.  
He nearly jumped out of his hide. He said "Oh, mista Sharp you scared  
me, you scared me, ha, ha. Dave: Didn't you get scared one time when  
Joe Gibson's wife came down the path in the woods from their house on  
the mountain and you didn't know it? Dad: No, that wasn't me. It was  
some other fellows. Well, she ran on to a couple "other fellows" that  
was working along there, ha, ha. and scared them. I can't tell you  
exactly how that was. If you'll turn off the machine I'll tell you how  
it was, ha. ("someone" had a call of nature on Buzzard mt. path and at  
the same time Mrs. Gibson came down the path and he had to pull his pants  
up. Then walked and past her saying "Hello, Mr. Gibson" --neither  
saying anything else--ha.)

Dave: One time you went to a church (Elk or Edray?) and went to the wrong  
out-house and 2 girls were in it. Dad: If you want to hear it on your  
machine, I'll tell you how it was, ha, ha. I went to the toilet and  
looked in there and there were two ladies in there and it scared me nearly  
out of my boots, and I backed out backwards and through the excitement  
I threw the button (lock) on the door outside and they couldn't get out.  
I went on over to the other toilet in the corner of the yard and came  
back and they were hollering and scrambling to get out. I got another  
fellow to go and let them out, ha, ha. ..Then I told one of the girl's  
brothers that I was awful sorry, ha, ha. \*They couldn't sing. They  
belonged to the choir. \*they were shut up!  
.....oh, a lot of funny things have happened.

Dad Gibson: Uncle Luther, being up there to Ella's and you wore a  
plug hat that time. Remember about it? The dog got the hat and he had  
the rim around his neck, ha. Dad: ha, ha, ..dog, tried to catch that  
rim you know. I went to see Lena Kennison, a school teacher, and that  
dog, --Bob, you know, he nearly died laughing--he ate the top out and  
slipped the rim over his head and he was trying to catch that rim! ha, ha  
Dave: was it your dress hat? Dad: Oh, yes! I didn't have any  
other! And then I went down to Bill Varners. Bob had loaned me one  
of his hats and I went down to Bill Varners. And when I went to leave  
there I started looking for my plug hat, a "bee gum" hat--that was the  
style then. They were as hard as a bone, but were nice. And so when  
I started looking for my hat when I left and couldn't find my hat. I  
said: "I don't know where I laid my hat" Someone said: "I thought you  
wore this one". I just happened to come to my senses and thought of Bob  
giving me that hat. I hadn't looked at enough to know it. I said, ha, "  
oh, yes, sometimes I wear one one time and another ~~thaxthax~~ time the  
other hat. ha, ha.

Dad: Well, I got me another one (hat) and I was going over to Ellis  
Hannah's (Melinda's husband) and had a grey mare that was just as frisky  
as she could be and as pretty as a speckled pup. The wind started to  
blow and my hat jumped off and hit her on the hips and she kicked it in  
the air and she kicked the whole top out of it, ha, ha, ha. (Ralph and  
Lowell laughing, too) Next time I bought a hat that a dog couldn't chew  
the top out of nor a horse kicke the top out of. ha, ha. Boys, I had ~~xx~~  
some bad luck!

Dad: I went to ~~the~~ see the same girl, school teacher and I left there--



Dad: I went to see the same girl, school teacher and I left there--didn't have an overcoat. ...left there after night and I had a pipe. I smoked ~~my~~ a pipe. I didn't have any gloves. I don't think it was cold when I went up there. And I put my hand on the pipe smoking it to warm my hands, and by the way it burned all out. So I got out the bag and filled the pipe with tobacco. Then I'd blow in and out to ~~make~~ set it on fire from the bottom and in the meantime I sucked (nicotine) amber down my throat. I never got sicker in my life. When I came to the spring there at Frank Hannahs, I thought I'd die nearly. I rolled off the horse to get some water.

I aimed to roll off right at the spring as I didn't think I could walk. I got some water and got back on the horse again. Instead of going to the house (their house?) I rode out to the old barn. I remember as well as yesterday. I rode in under the shed and rolled off and started vomiting. If I hadn't vomited that nicotine, it would have killed me! I believe it would. I never was sicker in my life. I heard of a woman one time whose husband took colic and they wanted to give him something to vomit him and she took the amber from a pipe to get him to vomit. It was grandmother Hannah or someone telling about it. That wasn't very far away. I forgot who it was. She gave him the amber from the pipe and it killed him in five minutes. If she'd given him stricnine it wouldn't have killed him quicker. It killed him dead! They called it cramp colic, but in those days it might have been appendicitus.

(This tape was done when John Dee was 3 years old. This was mentioned in the other half of the tape that was of the Friels)

Readers Note: Most every story is copied verbatim--word for word--quoted. Very little was not verbatim. It will be obvious where it is not verbatim. Also, extra information or explanations have been put in parenthesis--for instance: "(Elk or Edray?)"

One reason it is verbatim, even if some of it is uninteresting, or superfluous, is that it gives the mood of thinking of the old-timers, and an insight in to their lives. Future generations may appreciate the detail.

Dad, Si, Ivan, Dave.

Stories: selling honey, Hugh snake-bees, Davis Mace, Sally McLaughlin-(mare)

Dad: either spoil the rod or spoil the child. Genevieve: you can't use a finger on them. Dad: you have to use judgment. How many licks did you give Ron?....Dad: ..... Friday Night. Ivan: ....at conference.

Dad: Good land of Mercy! No use to send my pants to the cleaner. Dave: maybe you should try to eat slower. Dad: I don't know what. Well, I get in a hurry. I get hungry and my mouth won't open enough....

Dad: that bull didn't look very good.... I didn't buy him for looks. I bought him for service. He's well marked. Ivan: He has all the qualifications of a registered and maybe he'll give better service.

Dave: Tell us about Sallie McLaughlin. (she having the mare serviced on the road to Marlinton when she met the man with the stud). Dad: No, it wouldn't do, ha. .... say something else and the conversation will be "yea, yea and nea and nea" you have to be careful what you say.

Dad: you asked about Sally McLaughlin. She had Al Bench (?) along with with her (on a trip) and he couldn't read nor write. At a restaurant he didn't know what to order. He couldn't read the menu. He'd say I'll take what ever Sally takes. So they afterwards had that for a by-word.

Dave: Didn't you go with her? Dad: Or no. That was Sally Gibson. She was too old for me. (Note: Dad wouldn't tell on tape about Sally. Her father wanted the mare serviced by a stud that some man was bringing over to Elk. Her dad sent her to Marlinton on the mare and told her for them to service the mare when they met on the top of Elk mountain. She held the mare while the man had the stud service the mare. Then she got on her mare and went on to town.) Dave: tell me about the time they put a snake at Uncle Hugh's bees. Dad: No, that's too funny. Well, Taylor Ramsey had a patented snake and he put it at the bee gum and put the head at the hole of the hive, and Uncle Hugh thought it was catching bees as he came around looking at his bees. He saw that snake there and he got a stick and slipped up, you know, and slammed down on the snake. He knew they (Ramsey and Mrs. Showalter) were watching him and knew he was beat (joke on him), why, he turned the thing on them! ha Dave: how did he do that? Dad: I couldn't tell that, ha, ha. (uncle Hugh did some fast thinking. He turned facing the house and opened his fly and tinkled on the ground --in front of them They didn't tease him about the snake!) ha.

Dave: Uncle Bob looked alright today. Whad did Dr. Eddy (Cincinnati --there fishing) say about your heel? Dad: he looked at it but he didn't know any more about it than I did. Ha.

(Dad heard his voice on the recorder for first time) Dad: forgive me if my voice sounds like that! Now you talk and let us hear your voice. ...

Dave: did you find your "traps" (strictly) in your drawer? Dad: I'll pay you for it. Dave: you already sent me a check for it. Dad: you didn't cash it. Dave: the banks down there said it wasn't any good.

.....Si: (to Dad) you give me enough to pay for that treasurer's book and we'll call it square. Dad: there's \$15. Si: no... Dad: this is yours. Si: well go ahead... you I don't want to take that. Dad: take that, it's yours. Si: did you take out for .... (day's work?)? What do you pay them? Dad: \$2 a day. Si: well, there's half of that.

Si: well, I don't want to do that. I didn't go along. Dad: Carnegie in New York. A fellow (at train station) asked if anyone would carry his suitcase up to the hotel. Carnegie said "yes, I'll carry it up for you" He carried it and charged him a quarter or 50 cents. He said: I might need you again sometime. Where do you live? He said: "I'm Carnegie, they call the steel magnet." That fellow said in the paper that as long as he lived he said he'd never ask anyone to do anything for him that he could do himself. ha, ha. I've always told my boys if anything is offered to them to take it, ...and I give you (Si) that. Si: I know but right is right. (Dave: I don't remember which won out! ha.)

Snipe  
Bees  
Hugh



Corn

Nelia  
map

Dad: down the valley (Tygart) they plant their corn by and and they ploy both ways--criss-cross. Si: well, I think we'll have to get down to doing it that way. They use hand planters. They don't have to ~~harrow~~ ~~it~~ furrow it. Just take a tractor and a board and measure and put a spike down at each place, see? You drag a 2x4 board behind the tractor. You sight the tractor down thru yonder and sight it. Dad: Then you drop the corn by hand, don't you? Si: then you turn and go the other way and there are your checks, so you just take the hand planter and stick it down in that square and open it. That's the way Vee Hannah does. Dad: that's the way the did nown Tygart valley. Si: you dont have to stop and cover the corn. Kyle and Charlie Beales all checked their's off. Dad: then it wouldn't have to be hoed? Si: Archie Gibson take the tractor and harrows 2 rows at a time and plows both ways and there's nothing to do (hoeing). After it is planted, your biggest work is over. Dave: we used to get down and dig weeds out with a hoe, and hoe and hoe., and between morning and noon you'd only get down to one end of the field (one row) --then it'd be dinner time. Si: well, they only got it hoed once over in here- (across the creek) Si: Down in Tygart balley they raise corn with less labor and sell it for 65¢ and 75¢ a bushel on ears. Dad: and they have corn pickers to run through.

Dad: I asked Lowell if he wanted to work this morning and he said he didn't think so. Si: Sweckers was down and said they'd planned on going fishing with him today and it rained. Dad: are they havang a ball game up at Shaws tonight? Ralph said he wanted to go with Lowell up to Keith Shaws.....

Dad: That fellow up on the mountain (Point mt) at the mines looked like these Nelsons.. He (George) was in there (store) an at last sold 2 lbs of honey at 25¢ (per lb.)--in order to get out of there, he said. There was a beer joint right across the road. A young fellow about 25 and a fat fellow came up and said "Howdy do sir, howdy do sir, don't mind me, I'm just as drunk as a hog" and he turned around and walked off, reeling.

.....Dad.....about 20 years ago.... investigated and found he bought stricture there at the drug store and Dr. Cammeron saved his neck. Dr. Cameron made oath that she didn't die of posion. She'd been put away (burried?) of course that finished it. (who???)

(Jessie Hannah postmaster--retired-- wife postmaster--Jesse still worked --\$80 pay retirement --moved to Elking etc. ) (Mr Morrisons's son, etc.

(Davis Mace) Dad: I was up there to see Davis when he wasso sick. Si: I was up there to a shooting match. Dave: I was there with you that time and we didn't get anything. Nelia had the match. Dad: Davis was a handy man to have. He was an awful good man. Si: he was a good ole boy. Dad: No body could say any harm of Nelia Mace. She was a good neighbor. If she told a story, she'd tell you who told her so if it wasn't true you could trace it back and see she was clear. I shouldn't blame her. ....

.....(apparently Paul or Dave hadn't written Dad for some time when away to school and apparently Dad had written in his letter an old saying that was used in such a situation--"you wouldn't even write to your grandmother" ~~XXXXXX~~ Dad: I said "you wouldn't even write your grandmother" and he thought I meant it, ha. ha. He said: why, Dad, you must have been mistaken. It must have been Ivan, because I don't remember my grandmother..... ha. ha. --it was an old saying. --like Henry Shaver has said: "you wouldn't eat your grandmother's cooking". ha. --Dad. (Cars hard to get.) Si: it's been 5 years since the war (broke?) and they..... why, Bill Miller's has been trying to get his car and can't get it.

End of first half of Cassette

(Apparently Dad had a sore heel) Si: (joking) get some of that bear grease in there.... It might do it. Dave: how do you know it's bear grease? Si: cause Sharp (Cliff's boys?) rendered it out of a bear, ha. Dad: you can tell cause it smells like it. Si: you can't mistake beargrease!

Dad: I'll put some on my heel. Si: put a little on your ear. (sore ear). Dave: Didn't uncle Bob Gibson say it cured his asthma? Si: you know, no germs could live or stay near his ear in that grease! ha, ha. Dad: to show you I have faith in bear grease I'll put some on top of my head (a out there?) That's the finest thing for rheumatism I ever tried. My knees was so.... that I could hardly get up, down or any place, and it cured my knees. ~~Yes~~ Yes sir!

(Apparently Dad want to Randolph Co selling honey) Dad: Boys, I had the best hog meat today! I went to that restaurant--it was 12 o'clock when we got there (Huttonsville?) The boys (Ralph and George--Mabel's uncle) took two hamburgers. I said I'll take ham. They ordered 2 hamburgers. I ordered one ham sandwich but they brought me two. I couldn't bite it off and I asked for a paring knife. She found one after a good bit, ha, ha., and I used it. It was good hot lean ham. They enjoyed their hamburgers. I told Ralph he'd better get another glass of milk, so he did. I asked the waitress if there were any girls around there that we could hire that we needd one at our place. She said "I'm from Mill creek." I asked if she had any sisters that wants to hire out. She said, I had one but she went to N. Y. to her brothers. There were 10 of us in the family and they are all gone and now I'm gone. I'm 13 years old. Si: 13 years old. ha, ha. Dad: and when the woman made out the bills she skinned out (left). She'd asked who to make the bills out to. I told her to me. She left the girl to bring the bill to me. She (woman?) took a pound of honey. deducted that off. Si: let's see--a pound of honey off--left 72 cents. Dad: It cost me \$1.58 with 30 cents off. George said "she charged you awful high, didn't she? Si: what kind of hamburgers were they? Dad: just ordinary hamburgers. Si: they must have charged 25 cents a piece. Dad: ~~and~~ They wer big hamburgers. Si: they used to not be over a dime. Dave: Odie Johnson used to charge a quarter for a hamburger, but he'd give you a big one. What happened to the 13 year old girl? Dad: she brought the bill out and I said \$1.58 cents and 30 cents comes off that and she said I already took that off. The ham sandwiches were 25 cents each and the milk must have been 4¢ glass. (The only Monday in the summer of 1950 was in August)

Dad: this is Monday isn't it? No paper.....

(Dad was sitting in the car and Vonda shut the door on Dad's hand)

Dad: .... and after a bit I got sick. I said "I'm awful sick" and Paul trained in first aid ran to his car and got a kit and gave me some amonia. I fainted away. I didn't know a thing. This up here (demonstrating?) will be worse than that, I believe (2 different cuts?) Dave: did you loose your fingernail? No. it was up on the hand. See there, I guess that's the cause of it. Dave: what is that thing right there (a bump on a finger knuckle)? Dad: well, I guessthat's what started it. Si: that's what we've read about in the papers--some people get them--some kind of arthritis. Dave: maybe you could put some bear grease on it. Dad: Yes, I did. Dave: what are you going to do with that linement? Dad: put on that there. Dave: does it hurt? Dad: now it doesn't hurt. Dave: then why put linement on it? Dad: Old man Ervin, made Ervin linement that smelled just like this and there was a cancer or something like that on a bull's jaw and it took it right off. If it took a cancer off a bull's jaw it ought to take this off my finger. ha, ha, ha. Si: that's not a bump on a bull's jaw. ha, ha. Was he a doctor: Dad: Oh, yes, he was a veterinary doctor. ha, ha. Si: he was a bull doctor. I wouldn't want him to work on me. ha. Dad: He'd doctor anything. He got this bull off of me and cancer came on it. Well, he didn't get it "off" of me, but I sold it to him. ha, ha. ---ha if you want me to explain it to you so you can understand it. My boys are a little hard to understand ~~xxx~~ things. ha, ha.--you have to make thingsplain to them, or you gan't get them to understand, ha, ha. Dave: what are you going to do about the linement on your finger tonight? Dad: I'll let it dry a little bit and in the morning that thing will be gone--just like that cancer on that bull's jaw. ha, ha. Si said: And so will Mabel. ha, ha.



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that bull's jaw. ha. ha. Si said: And so will Mabel ! ha, ha.--smell of that liniment and that bear grease ! ha, ha. ....  
 Dad: she was ready to leave this evening when I came in (late from Randolph co.) ..... I know what we call supper is dinner in the cities.  
 ..... Dave: did you eat in Mill Creek? Dad: no, it was in Huttonsville.  
 Dad: Ralph, George and I found out something about Mill Creek. We turned down in the lower end and crossed around and peddled hone to every house on every side and got back on main street. ....  
 Dad: well, we went through a good part of the city above the road --out toward Pickens. We went on there about 50 yards and Ralph and I was standing on both sides of the road. .... Ralph said to park here and then you can go up yonder to the bank. I told him that I usually sold honey to the cashier in the bank. So I went up to the bank and I said I didn't expect you'd want any honey because I sold you a case last fall. I wanted to come in and see you anyhow. Another big fine fellowin there. He was in an office space by himself. He said he had plenty. He was awful nice, clever and nice. The other fellow said I believe I'll just atake a pound of that honey. On my way back to the car I stopped in at the next house and the lady said "I'd like awful well to have honey. My husband is an insurance agent and he just left to go up to Valley Head. I'll see but I don't know if I've got any money or not. She hustled around and she had 14 cents. I said for her to take the honey anyway, that we'd be coming by here some time and collect. While you're at it take two of them and I'll have something to stop for, ha. She said "if you don't care I'll just take two. She gave me the 14 cents and just as got me paid here the man came in, ha. He laughed. He said "I'll just pay for it. I was wanting to get the honey sold. By the time I got back, my boys were gone. Car was gone. I walked away up there and sat down, for 1/4 hour. Ralph came up in the car and said "do you want a ride? ha. Now we went over some ground, I tell you ! I didn't see brother Brady. Si: were they (state) working any of the convicts today. Dad: there were about 15 but they had no stripes on them--running a bull dog, etc.  
 Dad: Ralph said let's go to the penitentiary ( to sell) I said we will-- they've got to eat, wouldn't doubt but what we can sell them some honey. I said let's go on down and stop there on the way back, but we forgot to. (Ice Cream) ..... Dad: ..... ice cream. Dave: who did? Dad: Ivan did. four pints of ice cream he won. They had a guessing game.... they had some sort of social and he guessed with in a few beans of the number in a pint cup---~~1,300~~ 1,300 and something, and he got 4 pints of ice cream free, ha. Ivan said: I know my beans, ha, ha. Dad: I bet he counted a pint of beans before he went there, ha.  
 .... Dad: if you gave an old ewe two tablets it'd cure her. That surely fixed a \$25 ewe. Ralph: maybe she was going to die anyway. Dad: no, she was getting along pretty good. Dave: then Ioulnd't have given her pills the. Dad: well, I wanted to clean out what was ailing her.  
 .... Dad: he'll weigh 800 lbs. Si: he's mowing that grass up there. He'll fatten up. Dad: I paid \$175 for him. A cow that size won't bring much. let's see, a 1100 lb cow would bring 15 cents a pound.--maybe \$150.  
 Dave: what can you buy a Jersey cow for. Dad: \$500. Si: you're buying a name... Dad: they'd cost \$200.... Dave: what ill that old cowom mine bring? Dad: \$150 to \$175 and the calf \$75. Dave: why don't you sell that cow and add a little extra and get a jersey? Dad:.... Dad: boys, that calf I bought from Ivan is really a cow. She's a heffer now and gives a gallon and a half at a miling. I wouldn't take \$200 for that heffer.  
 (End of conversation)

... watched till out of sight.

Buying fur, Hatfield gang, Millsboro, Beverly, Last one living  
Passenger pigeons, old log school house.

(Dad watching Ralph Tiger Jones fight on TV.....)

Dad: "If I weren't so tired I'd go over there to the end of the meadow and start shep. He'd tree a coon right away. He's going to whip that white fellow. He's about got him.... Now, he's about got Jones. Pretty even fight... He's tired." ... (Jones won.)

(Dad playing the organ and doing very well !!) Dave: that's good Dad.  
Dad: ha, ha, ha. Dave: What's the name of that song? Dad: I don't know--it just came in my head, ha. Dave: who was that woman that shocked hay? Dad: Ronald Pennington's wife. The best hand I ever had, in the hayfield in my life. She'd run from one shock after she shocked it to the next windrow to get started again. Yes, and the whole day long. She said she learned from Mr. Tyree when she lived there.

Dave: Paul, Dad has a "talk letter" to send you. (this was intended to be mailed to Paul and Vonda, but got misplaced)

Dad: Hello Paul, Vonda and children. It'd be better to hear you say "hello Dad" and greet me with a kiss. I hope you are all well and enjoying God's richest blessings. I can't stand much hard work anymore. I feel I'm slipping down the evening side of life, but I'm enjoying life and I'm so glad my children are all Christians and seeking that eternal home where we can have a great homecoming xomeday. We'll not be so far apart and be together always. I'm looking forward to that happy day. We gathered 35 gallons of strawberries and our garden is coming on nicely. We have our sheep sheared and have sold the wool. I made out a little check for your's and Thayer's wool. We're having several bee swarms. One big swarm went off yesterday, but that happens every year. Our Sunday school is hoping up good--we have about 60 and that's good for Slatyfork. Well, I've been working hard to build up our church and have at least a few stars in my crown..... saved through our works. ... through the precious blood of Christ, can we be saved. So live close to Him and trust Him and our meeting won't be so far off.....I Ivan and Genevieve and Evan came in a little while ago and Sylvia and Jr. are here to say hello to you. Each of you have our sincere prayers that God will be real good to each of you. So goodbye till we meet again. Lot's of love, from old Dad.

Dave: Paul, I went fishing at the Mill about 3 times and caught a few small ones. We've been here a week--came up Sunday and going back tomorrow, Sunday. I was over to the Friels yesterday and Kerth and I fished down on Greenbrier river, but didn't catch any. I came back to Slatyfork and went over the hill and nailed some boards over the front windows of the old house where someone threw rocks through.

Si: Paul, Vonda, Thayer and Barbara Jane. Dave can't shoot any better than he ever did. Ha, He can make the groundhogs fly. Take care of yourselves. Come up when you can Goodbye.

Ivan: Hello Paul, Thayer, Vonda and Barbara. This is your brother Ivan. I'm getting older. But my youngest son talks courser than I do, so folks on the phone sometimes want me to tell my mother about the affairs of the church etc. Evan and I went over on Dry Branch and fixed some fence. This evening we came up Elk River from Charleston thru by Bergoo and up by Granville Brady's (dry branch) and took the truck part of the way up on the hill. Anyway we worked until after dark and came on over here and ate supper and see the folks and have a good time talking. We wish you were here with us. Best of joy and happiness to you all. Good night.

Dave: I'm having trouble with the forward speed on this recorder.--It slips. I have to rotate it with my finger to keep about the right speed. While I was here we hived about 10 swarms of bees. We doubled up some swarms in order to get enough bees for one hive. (End of 1 side of big reel)

watched till out of sight.



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 Stories by L.D. Sharp 10-23-61 (Reel #61) taped by Dave Page 2 219  
 Dave: this is Oct. 23, 1961. I'm up here seeing Dad, doing some hunting and looking for some chestnuts. I'll see if I can get some stories from Dad. Dave: Dad, tell us about the first money you borrowed and starting in business. Dad: I didn't have any money at all and I borrowed \$30 to buy three calves from a neighbor. I borrowed from John B. Hannah for a year and I bought the calves. No, he wasn't a relative, but his son married my sister later on. Considering money then he had plenty. He trusted a 12 year old boy and I invested in those calves and sold them the next year and had \$39 profit. I neighbor boy said "Let me have part of that money and we'll invest in buying furs" He said he noticed at the Edray post office a price list that was away above what people was getting for furs. So I gave him some money and we both bought furs and I doubled my money. So I started buying fur from that day on and I made double on every shipment. So I finally saddled up an old horse about 20 years old and went all over the country (county) buying furs. Believe me, you don't find many boys 12 years old that would do what (Eddie?) and I did to get started in life. The trip down Elk River: I went about 20 miles on the old horse to my aunts, Melinda Rose (Sarah's sister) and stayed all night. Then went down further to a home where they had some prime minks. The old man wouldn't sell them to em. I told him I'd pay him what I could afford to pay. He said "you've got to go 2 miles down to the school house and buy them from the boys. Whatever they take is OK. So I went to the school house and called out the boys and asked what they wanted for the minks. One said "I'll take 25 cents a piece for ~~the~~ mine" I asked the other and he said "I'll take the same for mine" I said "what about the coon hide and skunk. They asked about two prices for them !! -- more than I could get. I said "alright" and paid them for the furs. I came back up and took the hides off the boards and put in the sack. The old woman asked me how much I paid for them. I said "I paid them all they asked", ha. I waited till I got the furs in the sack and then I told her I'd paid them 25 cents for the minks. She said "you didn't pay them anything" ! The old man said "now you shut up. This boy said he paid them all they asked for them. ha, ha. So those minks brought me about \$3 a piece. From then on I bought fur for 25 years. I finally had 6 men buying fur for me all over the county. That's one way I got my start in business. Yes, I kept going back down Elk river buying fur. I went back to the same place and asked the old man if he had any furs and he said the boys had some. He said to come on in and look them over, so he let me buy them from him!  
 Dave: Did you pay the \$30 back? Dad: Oh, yes, I waited a year. I went back to pay old man Hannah. I didn't know anything about interest or money, ha, ha. I said "here Mr. Hannah is your \$30 and thank you for it", ha, ha. He said "that's alright" ha, ha. Dave: maybe he didn't expect any interest from you. Dad: No, I doubt if he'd a charged me for it anyway. , as he thought a lot of my father and mother, ha, ha.  
 Dave: what about the Hatfield gang? Dad: Well, they wrote me a letter and told me to put \$500 in a box up at the old school house and signed it one of the gangs. But "they" weren't the gang. It was a man, they found out later, was a teacher. Down in Webster county. (Doddrell?) was a teacher at one time. He was planning to get this money. I took a box and put it at the school house where they said to put the money--"if not, we're coming after you" So I put the empty box at that place. I went with another fellow and watched for them to come, but they didn't come late in the night. We went up the next morning and there was his trunk and he threw the box away about 30 yards from the school. People thought the Hatfields were coming. ....  
 Dave: you told about the first car coming through here. Dad: it came down Elk by one of the neighbors. 2 of the boys were down working in the field. They'd never seen a car before. One said "look yonder, the horses ran off and the buggy is still going," ha watched till out of sight.

Jim Jacobson was one of them - all the boys  
 Jim liked what I did  
 Hannah

Dave: Where did you see your first train? Dad: I went to Millboro, Va when I was 12 years old with another party after a load of salt--Johnny Slanker, after a load of salt for Hugh Sharp. It was the first train I ever saw--in Millboro. There was another fellow along with me and he went into a saloon and wanted a bottle of liquor and the man said "you're not of age" and he yelled "....give it to me etc. (fast talking) and the saloon keeper gave him the bottle of liquor and he held on to it-- (pulling it from the saloon keeper). Another fellow went to Millboro and ..... like I was, and said to the conductor: "I want to take a 25 cents worth of ride". Dave: did you ride it too? Dad: No, I wasn't with that group of wagoners. So that fellow got on to take a 25 cent ride and thought he'd just go few 100 yards, and they said it took him 2 days to walk back, ha, ha. .. He had his horses there ready to haul a load of goods. Dad: there were many funny things that happened away back then. Dave: Whose wagons went to Millsboro? Dad: Everyone, about, in Pocahontas went to Virginia after salt. Farmers, there'd be maybe 3 or 4 wagons with sheets and lay on the ground (at night) Dave: what if it rained? Dad: We'd put the sheets over the wagons, like a covered wagon, and we had blankets. We'd take our food with us in a box to do us 4 days to a week. Sometimes it'd take a week. Others about 4 days. Back then we had some pretty tough times. When I was growing up, we had 3 things for food. We had meat and bread for breakfast, and bread and meat for dinner, and had both of them for supper. ha, ha. And we got along just fine. We could go out and catch a mess of fish or kill all the turkeys we wanted, and there were plenty of deer. I believe the farmers enjoyed life just as much as they do now with the airplanes and automobiles and the fast life we have today. They'd go to a neighbor's house and spend all day and enjoy the day together. Now we're in too big a hurry, only to say howdy-do and goodbye. Dave: You used to take wagons to Mill Creek didn't you? Dad: It was Beverly. I used to haul my ..... goods from Beverly (meaning it was shipped by rail to there)) We had our own wagons and horses. One time, another fellow was ..... my horses and wagon. There were two other men's wagons too. One for the store at Linwood and one for Sam Woods at Mingo. Sam Woods had about 4000 lbs of goods and Frank (Hamilton?) (at Linwood) had 2000 lbs and I had about 2000 lbs but mine was mostly all wire fence. They had about 25 cartons of jars. They stopped near Elkwater to stay all night and they saw a big storm coming and they decided to go up on the hill to stay all night at old man ..... and stay all night. So they put the horses in the barn on the hill on the right hand side of the river and they went over to -Coggers?-- There was a cloud burst at Mingo and washed a big heap of logs near Sam Woods store and took away....the bank, and it came down the valley and washed away the old Stalnaker house that had been there for 50 years, but no one living in it. It picked up all the three wagons and carried them all away. The had a time getting the wagons back together. They'd find a wheel here and there. But mine, the wire was within a few 100 yards. They got my outfit back together again. People said they saw those jars going through Elkins floating on the water. Sam Woods lost about 4000 lbs of all kinds of merchandise. I think I lost a barrel of sugar. The wall of water was from one side of the valley to the other. A man who lived up on a hill went over to see about the flood near our wagons. He heard the roar coming and there was a big pine log about 4 feet over laying over in the field. He ran as hard as he could run to escape and the water to his knees when he got to the bank and he saw that 30 ft long log float away. If my driver and the others hadn't gone to that house to sleep that night, they would have all drowned and the horses too! It washed the saddle off the manger of a horse(house?) over on the bank or hill, a few 100 yards away. I've gone thru many a hard spell in life, but the Lord has been good to me, as I look back over life.

Wagons  
Heap



Dad: Out of 250 people my age, when about 12 years old, from Mace Mt. to top of Elk Mt.--I figured up sometime ago, of families then, every last one of them have been called away, but L.D. Sharp. I'm the only one that's living of my age. Dave: we hope you live another 98 years. ~~that's~~ You're 89 this summer. Dad: well, I like life. I'd like to live forever if the good Lord would leave me. I have ..... and a pretty tough time for a few years. (cancer of ~~prostate~~ prostate. He may or may not have known he had it. If he did he didn't tell us). But I'm not complaining. After the 8th day of June, I'm going on 90. According to nature I can't stay here many more years. Many of the young people possibly may go before I'm called. But one thing sure and I'm certain of, I'm trying to make preparation for my eternal home, so I can be with my mother and father, sisters, former wife and daughters. I'm looking forward to that day to a homecoming and I'm expecting each one of my children to meet with me there on that homecoming day. I'm so glad they have all accepted Christ in early life and I trust they are living true and faithful

(End of 1st side of cassette)

It may not be far off that L. D. will be on the other shore. I'm praying that the Lord will spare my life for a few more years. I'm glad Jr. and Sylvia came to see me. I can't express how I love my children. I can't treat them as I'd like to treat them--by not having or enjoying health like I am. I'd like to be more jolly and go on the mountain (with them) and ~~hunt~~ take a little hunt,--squirrels, and pheasants with Jr. when he was here. According to my health I'm not able to do that. But I'm thankful to be able to go. .... After death we must meet the judgement. I advise my friends to accept Christ and be saved so we may meet again on the other shore.

Passenger Pigeons

Passenger Pigeons: Dave: You used to tell us about pigeons. Dad: Oh, there were thousands of wild pigeons. Thousands come in in one bunch. They'd light right down on the ground and scratch through leaves and eat a ways, they'd fly over the ones ahead of them and start scratching leaves again. ....

...we'd shoot among them sometimes with a musket loading gun --loaded through the muzzle. We didn't have any shotguns then. Still maybe a half a dozen would fall as they flew over. P.....

Pigeons

Pigeons used to roost on trees on Gauley and they nearly broke down a whole pine patch. Thousands and thousands of them. My uncle went in there to see about them. Hundreds of them killed when limbs broke off the trees. (Uncle Harmon?) You can hardly believe it. T Thousands in one cluster of them going through the country. I haven't seen a pigeon for years!

Buggies: Dad: Yes, Ellis Hannah, my brother-in-law bought the first buggy in this country. I had the first cart. I went to Greenbrier county and took a horse with me and bought a 2-wheel cart. I used that for several years. Dave: what did you use it for to ride in?

Buggies

Dad: courting ha, Dave: did you go to see mother in it? Dad: yes, and I married while I had that. I was one of the first to buy an automobile in the county. There were 3 and I was one of them. I bought a Studebaker. We had muddy roads full of chuck holes. You couldn't go 50 MPH like you can now. (bought it about 1914-1915) Between here and Marlinton, one time, I had 3 flat tires--sharp rocks in the road.

(Singing)--Dad: Yes, we've sung at several homecomings in the past few years in different counties. One had 15,000 people. Yes I've been choir director at the church for several years. When I was 12 years old my father sent me to a singing school and when the school was over they elected one person to lead the choir (group) for three months. Different ones were elected--Harry Jackson, Bob Gibson, Ellis Hannah, and that boy "LD, 12 years old was elected for 3 months. I can remember it as well as yesterday. I got up before the congregation and my knees just

as yesterday. I got up before the congregation and my knees just bumped together--I was so excited. But now 10,000 people doesn't have any effect on me. At one of the homecomings they just had our group of singers. Someone from another church told us they enjoyed our singing and wanted us to be at their homecoming. Once we had about 8 in the choir and we went to the Indian Draft church homecoming..... Dave: Did they teach you to keep time when you were in singing school? Dad: Oh yes, and we used shaped notes and I use them yet today. I can read the shaped notes off faster than the round notes. They've invited us to some homecomings lately but I'm not able to go--been sick. I can't carry on like I did. I guess I'll have to give it up, I reckon. (Land inherited) Dave: Didn't your parents give you some land and some to your sisters? Dad: They gave me a tract of land where we lived (the old home place over the hill)--over at the old place and gave each of them (sisters) 200 acres of land. The only money my father gave me in my lifetime--for he wasn't able to give me any--he gave me \$50. He sold some timber and gave each of us, Ella, Melinda and myself \$50 each. Melinda got her land over on Slatyfork (up the mountain from Slatyfork creek above Lowell Gibson's present camp), and Ella got the Alum Rock place (on left side of Slatyfork creek--there's powdery alum) under a cliff near the creek 1 or 2 hundred yars above line (vein fence) --200 acres there.....Melinda got hers back on top of the mountain (Buzzard?)

Dave: Who owned the land on Elk where Ella lived. Dad: Old man Billy Gibson. Dave: Who owned that place where Harry Varner lives. Dad: that was part of the same place. I've been there a many a time. Ella married old man Billy Gibson's son, Robert and they lived at that place (Varner place?) for several years until old man Bill gave them the Bob Gibson place when he (Bob?) built up there. I went to a dance near there when I was about 18, and I slipped off from home. There were 36 there at the dance at old man Jim Gibsons and every last one of them are dead except L.. D. Sharp ! So I've been thankful the good Lord has spared my life as long as he has. (Story of the dance in another section).

Dave: Didn't your dad help build the old log school you went to? Dad: Or yes, I was only 3 years old. I saw them building that house. My father took me up there. You wouldn't think one could remember back till he was 3 years old. But I heard my parents speak about it so much. I saw them building that shhoolhouse and I saw old man Painter sewing it inside and running a plane. I saw them making the blackboard. Ella and Melinda was older so they went to school a few 100 yards from home. They'd take the 3-year old kid there before it got too cold several times. They'd take the blanket (another place in these series he mentioned a sheepskin) for me to lay on. They had long benches about 10 feet long on both sides of the schoolhouse. I'd come out of the school to go home and my mother would watch for me. She could see the little white headed boy coming running down the road for dinner. I'd said "I'm coming home to eat gravy with mom. ha, ha.

Dave: Dad, I thank you for these stories. I'll keep them and it'll be nice to play them back from time to time.

(end of # "61" tape and end of Cassette-(side 2)



Stories and history of the Slatyferk, W. Va. Sharp by L.D. Sharp, taped 10-5-54 by Dave Sharp

Page 1

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Excerpts from a taped, intended, letter to Paul and Vonda in Texas, by "LD", S1 and Dave.  
Dad on History: Grandmother Hannah said our forefathers came from foreign countries-- German, English, Irish etc. I was 12 years old when my father let me buy a mountain rifle-- muzzle loader. That first year I kept a diary of what I killed and remember distinctly I killed 16 grey squirrels, 3 wild turkeys and I forget how many pigeons. There were pigeons everywhere by the thousands and 100s of thousands and reared like a train coming. But that is over. I've been hunting the past (82 years of age) One time back on Slatyferk mountain I saw 3 pretty black hogs coming down the mountain that I thought belonged to Mr Varner, Ben Varner, and when they came closer, I saw they were "big bear" and two cubs and they came down in front of me and wallowed in the little run and I had a single shot Winchester. I kept my eye on them and thought as soon as they got up I'd try to kill one of them I'd shoot the old one and maybe have a chance killing the others. So when they came out of there they jumped on a big log and ran about 20 steps from me and I hollered "halt". I'd heard my father say at a bear you had to holler "halt" to get them to stop. There was a big tree, right as the bear jumped beside this tree I hollered "halt" and it wasn't like a deer they finished their jump right then. She stopped behind the tree and I could only see a part of her. I moved back (in the other direction?) there was a tree beside that one. There was a cub on the log and I shot and it fell off down over the hill. There was quite a bit of snow on and I tried to get another shell in and kept trying to put the shell in with my fingers, single shot, and the old big bear jumped off that log just as I got the shell going in the gun, right off toward me. She thought the sound was below. She looked down the hill. I could just see her neck where a little bit of her head looking down the other way. The sound echoed down the other way for her. She jumped within 15 feet of me and I just jerked the gun down and fired at her and missed her. But I was scared nearly to death. And she ran down over the hill and I ran around the hill to head them off at--I knew they'd come off at the highway (old road) and they'd likely come around to where there was a pine patch where they usually cross. I stood there a good bit and then came back to where I was at and went down to where this one fell off the log and there was blood all over the ground on both sides. They'd come back and went right up the hill where I could have shot at them for 100 yards I reckon. While I was standing down there waiting for them to come around to me. I went up on the little flat, there was a laurel patch there and I went in. I ventured into that laurel patch, and I saw where the old big one and the other cubs had stepped there with this one that had laid down that was badly wounded. So I heard them tear out of that laurel patch. There was blood where the cub bear laid. So I went over about 200 yards and got shaky-like. and I went down to Mr. Warners and told him I thought I'd killed a bear and for him to come up and help me take a stand, so he did. He took a track and told me to go up on the ridge and when I went up there, the bear had already gone through. So he said don't go any further. We'll go back home and get Henry Sharp's bear dog and come back in the morning and we'll go after them. So he was scared and didn't want to go any further. --because... I'd hid behind a tree and jumped at him and got his nerves ha. ha. ha. I came home that night and we were out of weed and my father said we'd have to get weed, and it snowed about a foot that night. He said "why, these bear would go for 10 miles tonight. You'd never find them" He talked me out of going back the next morning. The fellows who followed them from Clever Lick, Woods Billey, he asked about 2 weeks from then "who killed one of these cubs"? He'd followed them over there and went back the next morning and they jumped up on the Johnson's flat, just a few 100 yards from where we left them, and there were two of them & knew someone killed one of these cubs. It snowed all over this dead bear and I lost my first kill. I've had quite a lot of experience in my 82 years of living and hunting from the time I was 12 years old and killed quite a number of wild turkeys. One time I was over on Gaulley where there were plenty of deer. I killed 7 deer in 3 1/2 days hunting. Of course, I've killed a deer each year until last year. I get my deer almost ever year till last year. I failed last year. They allowed killing does and fawns the last 2 years and they've about killed most of the deer out of around Slatyferk. Hardly any deer around here any more. I've had the great sport fishing. I've caught a great many of trout. I enjoy hunting very much, but I'm getting most too old to get over the hills. I've not been very strong lately, so have to hunt around on level land, mostly. I haven't been able to find any turkeys yet., but we ~~never~~ hope some one runs some through that I might have a chance to kill one.

Stories and History of the Slatyferk, W. Va. Sharps by L.D. Sharp, taped 10-5-54 (Page 2)  
Dad telling names of parents etc.: My father was Silas Sharp, my mother was Sarah Sharp (was a Billey).  
(Silas called her "Sally") Grandfather William Sharp, Grandmother Rachael Sharp.

There were 7 children of William. There were 3 of them killed during the Civil War.--3 boys.  
My father was captured (as a civilian) and served 23 months and 24 days in prison in Salisbury, N. C. They starved them to death there by the thousands and I was going through there going to Florida and there was an old man there and I was talking to him and asked where the prison was and he was pointing out that the prisons were mere like barns., and he said they all starved to death and what wasn't starved was poisoned. I said "no, they weren't--my father was exchanged a few days before the war ended and that he lived --he lived through all that but said thousands of them starved to death" he said; "oh no" this old man, he's getting old and childish said "no, no, there wasn't any of them that got out--every one of them died, what didn't die they poisoned them" ha, ha, He contradicted my story of my father living through it. But it was terrible what they went through.

David Hannah was my grandfather Hannah. Grandmother Hannah's name was Hester. They had a large family. There were two of the boys that died during the war with diphtheria. Out their family down--mother's brothers. One (and her) was a preacher. They were all very religious. George (P.) Hannah was the preacher (brother of Sarah, Dad's mother.) I think I had one of the best mothers that ever lived. I guess most everyone else thinks the same about theirs. My father was a great man, a good man, a good religious man. My mother was outstanding in every way. She was good to the sick and anyone she could help. One thing I'm grateful for is that I had good Christian parents.

My Dad's (Silas) brothers were: Henry, Bernard, Harmon, and Hugh and one sister. I think her name was Margaret, but she died with diphtheria during the war. (buried below the store, left of the road on the high bank). The 3 boys that were killed was Luther, it was named after him., Henry and Bernard. Margaret was 12 years old. Took diphtheria. It sure was a hard stroke on my grandparents to lose that many of their family--four out of 7. Only three lived through the war. One of the boys was found with an apple in his pocket and my grandmother planted the 7 seeds from this apple and only 3 of them grew. She gave one of the trees to uncle Harmon Sharp and one to my father (Silas) and one to uncle Hugh. These trees grew up and bore fruit for many years. It looked like they represented --to show that just 3 lived through this siege, the great Civil War.

My first wife's name was Laura Morgan and she was a preacher's daughter. There were about 3 in in that family--Bill Morgan, Edgar Morgan, Nannie Morgan, Lena Morgan and Laura Morgan, my wife. (Edith was the mother of the children).

#### MEMORIES

My sisters were: Ella Gibson (Mrs. Robert Gibson) and Malinda Hannah (Mrs. Ellis Hannah). Both were older. Malinda was 5 years older and Ella 3 years older. Malinda lived to be 85 years old and Ella must have been about 80. They lived about 4 miles from Slatyferk (on Elk). When I was a boy there was quite a number of people living on Elk and Linwood and out of maybe 200 or more there was, two years ago, only 6 of them living along my age and they've all died off. (End of first side of large reel tape).  
In the past 2 years they've dropped off and now I'm the only one that's left of these my age--about 80. I'm 82. I'm the only one that's living of that great number of people that lived here on Elk. Whole families have passed on. So, I'm going yet pretty strong--not like I used to, but I don't know how long the good Lord will leave me here. But I hope to live on so to meet these great many people I knew in my boyhood days.  
Meeting Laura (mother): Well, I went to a picnic, first one I'd ever been to in my life, and my wife had visited this picnic with another girl, so I took a fancy to her actions, and meeting with her she seemed to talk so nice. I asked her if she'd take a ride with me in a swing, ha, ha. So that was the beginning of our courtship at this picnic, the first one I ever attended. After I was there with her there a few hours, I thought one day I'll write her a letter--a nice letter and see if I might have a date. And so that was the start of my courtship as best as I can remember. It was near Linwood--about 3 miles from here. The first time I ever drank lemonade was at this picnic, ha. I thought it was something wonderful! There hadn't been any in the country up to that time that I knew of. I thought the girl was more wonderful (than the lemonade) ha, ha. And she was so nice and every time I went to see her I thought she was the "only girl on the beach" ha, and finally we got married. I won the battle. To see her I had to go horseback then. Didn't have any cars, and really no saggies in this section of the country. I did win out even if I did go slow, ha, ha. Yes



Yes, I did have competition, but I was the best looking boy, ha, ha, ha. (joking). No, I don't mean that, ha. Any way my winning ways (joking) must have had something to do with me winning her. Because she was so fine. She was preparing to teach school. I changed her mind after so long and she became a great housekeeper.

had a nice family of 7 children. And one of the greatest things of all is that... there as one of them, only about 16 (18) (Creola) just finishing highschool took sick and came home and died... but one great consolation is as I started to say is that my 6 children living, ~~they~~ they've all established families except one who is not married and they are all Christians, living for that heavenly home we might someday enjoy. Countless ages of eternity together and it gives me great joy to know that they are all living for Christ.

Made of traveling when a boy: Horseback and "footback" ha, ha. We either had to walk or ride a horse. I never had an automobile until about 1915. Well, I don't know... a few years before that I bought a buggy and maybe a couple of them,---I were them pretty well out---about 1900. They didn't cost but about \$100 to \$125 and maybe not that much. We ordered them from Cincinnati from a factory there.

The first automobile I'd seen, a Deater fixed up some kind of a motor on a buggy. He ran about 6 miles an hour. He drove around a few times here on Elk with that motor. I guess he fixed it up himself, to run that buggy. He had some kind of a steering arrangement. I'd seen him once or twice---maybe 3 times.

First one that came down Elk, it came over a hill and 2 neighbor boys, they yelled "look the horse ran off and ~~the~~ tore away from the buggy and the buggy is still going yet. Look at it going yet" (probably an appropriate joke for them to tell on that occasion!).

They didn't have telephones then. My first telephone was around maybe 1900 or 1901. People thought it was something wonderful when we had the phone put in and one about 12 miles away (at Edray) Some asked if the messages came in to our phone over a hollow wire. I told them it was a solid wire. Phones must have been cheap then. You could buy a pair of shoes for \$1.25 that'd cost \$6 or \$8 now. Coffee cost... we sold coffee at 12 cents and 15 cents when we started the store. Now it costs \$1 to \$1.25. Flour sold for about \$4 a barrel in wooden barrels. Your dollar was worth something then. I think we were as well off then as we are today.

End.

PS Dad's children were: Ada (married ~~WILL~~ John Johnson and then Will Curtain), Violet (married Rufus Markland) Ivan (married Genevieve Ornderff of Arbévale), Creola who died at age of about 18, Silas of Slatyferk, Paul ( who married Vonda Lowe of Buckhannon, and after her passing married Ketha of Port Neches Texas, and Dave who married Sylvia Friel of near Marlinton.

220 Stories and History of the Slatyfork, W. Va. Sharps, by L.D. Sharp, taped 12-25-59, age 87 & 6 mo

(Dave: who were the first in Pocahontas county to own automobiles?) The first I knew of was Ace Barlow at Edray, Bowd Hannah on Elk and L. D. Sharp, myself. We bought the first few cars I know of in this county and they were Studebakers. Later on people began buying the Fords and different makes of cars. (Dave: Did you have any trouble with them running in the rats that the wagons made?) That's all they had to run in, you might say, because of dirt roads. They weren't very wide and the wagons cut rats in the roads. They had a lot of trouble with the blowing out by stones and the bad roads. We had dirt roads. We had to keep them up. Each farmer worked, I believe 3 days or 5 days a year free to keep up the roads such as we had. The government didn't pay any money for to keep them up. Farmers had to keep up the roads so they could travel. (Dave: what about gasoline in these days?) We didn't know anything about gasoline until we got the cars, and then we got the cars. Then someone in Marlinton set up a gas station and furnish us with gas. We'd get a barrel at a time. That's about as much as I'd get when I first started handling gas. But these others buying cars, ones already had them. Bowd Hannah was about as close to me any one else. He'd buy 60 gallon barrel at a time. We had ordinary pumps in order to pump it out into our cars. That was a pretty tough way to get along. We thought it was something wonderful. (Dave: what about that telephone line, which way did it come in here the first time?) It come through from Randolph county. Dr. Bosworth was the first to come through and built the lines. There was one phone at Dr. Cameron's (Mace) and one at Mingo at Sam Woods store and I took a phone and so did George P. Moore at Edray, and Marlinton was the next place they were supposed to have telephone service. (Dave: could you call Marlinton from here?) No. We could call the office there, but didn't have any regular operators to call for us. Yes, the phone line went on through to Marlinton. And they had a contract with some of the people at Marlinton to pay so much money to Dr. Bosworth for bringing the line through to Marlinton. Yes, I think those were the first phones out of Marlinton (back thru to Elkins, I guess he meant) (Dave: In other words the line ran this way instead of down Greenbrier River). I don't know how long it was before the line went on down through Greenbrier county and up also up through the head of Pocahontas county--not very long after they found out what a great blessing it was to have a phone and talk over the wires. Different ones asked me how you ~~was~~ talked over it, saying "The wire is hollow isn't it?" I said "no, the wire isn't hollow. Electricity in the wire. They could hardly believe that. And they were so excited they, at Edray, the preacher wanted to sing a song and he'd sing soprano and I'd sing tenor. So we sang over the telephone 12 miles away! He sang one part and I sang another and we thought that was wonderful. We sang together and 12 miles apart. Oh, it was hard to make people believe that we didn't talk through a hollow wire, ha. ha. (Dave: what about the first automobile that came down through Elk from Marlinton?) Yes the first one came down through by a horse up here and a couple boys out in the field and it came down the road and one of them hollered: "Look yonder, a horse has ran off and with a buggy and it's going yet. There's no horse to it--it's torn loose--and it's going yet" ha. What a great laugh about it after on. They couldn't believe it possible that something like that could go without horsepower. (Dave: didn't someone on Elk call on the Party line that a horse ran away and for them to stop it?). No. not that I know of, ha. ha. I don't remember. (Dave: where did you kill your first deer--back there on the mountain?) I couldn't answer that. I think it was back on Slatyfork, and Uncle Hugh Sharp, I killed a fawn. He said it belonged to his pet deer, Nanny. He had about 12 or 13 pet deer and he said "that's one of my deer you've killed, I believe. He didn't care about me killing it, but he said that one was one of old "Nannies" (name of his deer) fawns that I killed. and It might have been, ha. ha. I don't know, ha. ha. I wasn't looking for any brand or name. (Dave: what kind of gun did you kill it with?) I don't know--I can't answer that. I had, I think a rifle I got. I had a rifle and a muzzle loaded rifle--that's the kind of gun I had first, and it might have been it. (Dave: what did you do with that gun?) I just don't know at all for ~~the~~ my life what ever happened to that gun. It'd be a relic now, wouldn't it? (Dave: How many pheasants have you ~~killin~~ killed this year?) Well, it may be against my religion, ha, ha, ha. I don't know what the limit (Dave: say ~~the~~ if the limit was 40 how many did you kill?) If the limit was ~~in~~ 40 I guess I killed something less than that, ha. ha. I missed several, though. Well, if you're going to take me to court--to to take it down (tape it) for the fact, it was 13. Well now, don't take me to court and have me fined, ha, ha. (Dave: you'd say before the judge

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 over there in court that you killed 137. Ha, ha, well if I went before him I'd have to say  
 it. I won't swear to a lie, ha. (Dave: how many did you kill last year?) I didn't  
 get any last year. I only got 2 squirrels. I had to go to the hospital (prostate operation)  
 and I didn't get to take a stand for a deer. So I missed last year. I had the privilege of  
 shooting at one this year, but it stopped in a big patch of brush--too thick to get the  
 bullet through to it. I thought I might kill it anyway, but missed. And my gun got clogged  
 up (jammed) and I couldn't get any other shots and it got away. What is that flying over  
 there? Violet. I saw a robin out there. (Dave: yes it is. It's Dec. 26th) It flew down  
 in the pathway and up in that tree and then flew over in the garden. (Dave: Violet, do you  
 know this gentleman sitting here? who is he?) (Violet: Well, this is my father, my very  
 devoted father) (Dad proudly laughed, ha, ha, ha.) (Dave: how many Christmases have you  
 seen?) ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ (Violet: I just can't say that, I'd rather not, but it's been several.  
 But this is the first Christmas I've been in here since 1917. 40 years since I've been to  
 Slatyfork, for Christmas.) Dad: You see, the reason she doesn't want to tell her age, she  
 lost her husband and looking for another, ha, ha, ha. (Violet: well it'd be awful hard to  
 find anyone as good as he was. So I think they're very scarce). (Dave: how many of your  
 kids were in here this time, all of them?) Well there was Violet from Richmond, Va.; Paul  
 from Texas. Ivan and Genevieve and the ir men from Charleston, and Si living here with me.  
 It's a great joy of having them with me for the Christmas holidays and celebrate the  
 birth of Christ. It's been about the most enjoyable holidays I've ever spent, I think.  
 It's going to be very sad with them going out tonight and along in a few days--next week.  
 It makes it very sad to have them to leave us. We pray the Lord to take care of them.  
 We commit them in to His hands to take them back safely to their place of abode or living--  
 where they work to make a living. We're awful glad to have them. I cannot express in words.  
 I can hardly think about it without shedding tears. If they all left at one time, I don't  
 believe I could stand it. Some are going tonight and tomorrow and next week. They'll  
 drop off gradually and I'll live it through, but it's hard to give them up. We'd like them  
 to stay on and on, like we used to have them around our fireside and our house, and we  
 enjoyed their presence day in and day out. The way circumstances are, they're scattered  
 far, and so we're certainly thankful to the good Lord that they have been with us and  
 giving them health and strength to make the journey--coming in to see old Dad and he meet  
 together and be together. I can't express in words how I appreciate it. (Violet: you know  
 Dave and Sylvia are here too.) Oh, pardon me, Jr. was handling this machine (tape recorder)  
 and I forgot, ha, ha, ha. I call him Jr. Dave and Sylvia pardon me. There is some many of  
 them I have so many children, ha, ha, ha. I think of them as much as any of my children.  
 That was just a slip of my mind. I was past 21 on my last birthday, so you may know why  
 I'm just forgetful--being that old--past 21. If you ask how much past that, I was 87 the  
 8th day of June, last June. 87 years and 6 months, since I came into this world. Don't  
 seem but a short time. Don't seem but a few years since I used to go to school up there  
 at the top of the hill--about 80 years ago., (school across old road from cemetery)--when  
 I was first going to school--past 80 years ago when I first went to school. But it don't  
 seem but a short time. So if any of you hearing me talking, if you think you'll live to  
 be old and it'll be a long time for life. But it'll slip by before you know it, if the  
 Lord spares your life, it'll be over before you know it. So it doesn't seem long since I  
 went to school and lived with my mother and dad and sisters. But according to nature and  
 all, like that, I can't expect to be here that much longer. So the main thing I think is  
 for each one of us to live for .....  
 .... when least expected, and we find that is true. When one of our loved ones who goes  
 out in just moments of time, so many people dying of heart trouble, and one way or another.  
 (Dave: what's going on?) (Ketha, said: we're fixing to eat pheasant) (all laughing and talk-  
 ing at one time) (Violet: Bet your fingers out of there (apparently they were weighing  
 themselves on a pair of bathroom scales) Dad: He's recording all that. (Ketha: Dave  
 what are you doing?) (Genevieve: he's recording--we'll play it back.) (Ketha: I might  
 weigh 135) (Genevieve: I do too.) (Dave: How much do you weigh Paul?) (Paul: I weigh,  
 with this heavy underwear and shoes 219 lbs.) (Genevieve: Violet wants to weigh her shoes.)  
 (Dave: How much is that Lila?) (Lila: 140 even) (Dave: Come on Violet, come on Helen)  
 (Genevieve: come on Si, Dave, Evan ..... (Dave how much do you weigh Evan?)  
 (Evan: 155) ..... (Helen? 126) ..... more talking. (Si is now playing piano  
 over in the parlor. It's far from recorder so low volume on the recorder)

Stories & History

(4)

(Dave: Dad, lets get some recording of your singing. When did you start?) Well sir, I started singing when I was 12 years old. My father sent my sisters Ella, Malinda and myself to a singing school. We went to two terms. I forget who the professor was that taught the singing school, up at the old log school house below Mary's Chapel Church (on Elk). That was the only church on Elk. They had the singing, preaching service and all the meetings in this old school house. And after they had the school closed, they decided to let the leaders carry on the singing. So they decided electing leaders for 3 months. And in electing, they elected Bob Gibson and Ellis Hannah (maybe father of Russell Hannah?) and Curry Jackson and Dave Gwinn and L. D. Sharp, just a boy 12 years old. So I had more nerve than I had brains, ha, ha. So went ahead just the same. It came my turn. I remember it as well as if it were yesterday when I went up on the platform to lead the singing. My knees shook so, I could hardly keep them from bumping together and it was hard for me to stand on the floor.. I was awful bashful. But I've kept on singing all those many years. I'm 87 years old the 8th day of June. and I've been leading choirs ever since a boy 12 years old. And now it has no effect on me. I've been before a few thousand people leading our choir from Slatyferk. We've had a good many choirs in the last 60 years and we've had some awful good ones. It doesn't make me afraid or nervous or anything. I can go before these thousands as well as I could, or better than I could when I was 12 years old among my own friends and neighbors. (Dave: haven't you been superintendent of Sunday School many years?) Oh yes, I was superintendent and taught Sunday School. I've gone to church every Sunday I was able to go that I remember of since I was quite a small child. When I was too small to go, of course my mother and dad took me. They were both devoted Christians. And they'd take me to church when I was so small. I believe in that so much. The Bible says bring up a child when it is young and when it's old it won't depart from it. The trouble today is that so many people don't pay any attention to their children. Just left them grow up among all kinds of characters and it's bringing it's results to most of the young people. So many of them are going astray..... I enjoy life, even at my age. I'd like to live on, if it's the Lord's will. But I know according to nature I can't live many more years. I've thought over it a lots of times-- several years. Three score and ten, but if it is his will I'd like to live just forever, even though I have lots of trials and troubles and disappointments and sorrows. Yet, I enjoy life. But I know it's better on beyond. (Dave: your dad's name was Bill?) William. (Dave: how much of this ground did he own around Slatyferk--most of it?) Well, Grandfather Sharp owned about 2,000 acres, and then he bought the place for Harmon Sharp (at the forks of Elk River, Big Spring Creek and Laurel Run running off Gamley mountain). My mother and father sold live stock and helped pay for it. He promised to buy them a farm where it was level. Instead he bought him a tract of land just across the hill from where he lived--several hundred acres, but it was all in green timber. And my father had to go in that green timber and clear out fields to lay out his corn and wheat, oats and things that took care of us through life--feed. My mother made clothes and my father made our shoes and we had an awful hard time of it, but we had plenty to eat such as it was. We didn't have any canned fruit. It was all dried apples and dried berries, but they dried an awful lot of fruit. We didn't know what a can was. I didn't see a can when I was a small--like the cans today. But there was nothing better than a dried apple pie! We liked the way we had to live. We enjoyed it as much as we do now with all our conveniences, automobiles, etc. (Dave: what kind of lights did you use?) We had candle. They killed a beef and used the fat, I mean tallow. They had candle moulds--makes six candles at a time. And we thought we had a wonderful light when one had a candle light. They had flints back in my earlier days, where you had a flint rock and they had a spunk (soft dead pith wood in logs) and they would strike that flint and it knocked sparks in that spunk and set it a fire and get the fire started that way, and my father and mother had little twists of paper on the mantle that they'd reach and get one of them and put it in the fire and light their candle with it. We didn't have the conveniences of this day and time. (Dave: did you have to make your own sugar?) We made our own sugar. My father and mother told us when we make it, we had to make, I think it was, a 100 pounds of maple sugar and then we could have the rest of it made up in molasses. And we children would work hard because we liked the molasses so well we'd get that 100 lbs of sugar. We had to have that before there was any molasses made.



Stories & History of the Slatyfork, W. Va. Sharps by L.D. Sharp, taped 12-25-59 age 87 & 6 mo.  
(Dave: what about mineral rights on the land?) Yes, I own the mineral rights. It'd  
never been sold. My father gave 400 acres: 200 to Ella and 200 to MaLinda. Ella (sold) kept  
her mineral rights. On her piece of land there was an alum rock and there were nuggets  
that looked like gold or silver. They may become valuable some day. (That alum rock  
is a few 100 yards above the Sharp line on Slatyfork, Creek, just across the creek and  
up against the bank about 20 feet.), but she ~~didn't~~ sold the land. But she may have kept the  
mineral rights. (Dave: Dad, --about the old mill down here. Did you have it built?)  
Uncle Sam Gibson and Tetrick a man named Tetrick. They got the land off of Uncle Hugh  
Sharp. He gave them the land to build the mill. And didn't charge them a penny for it.  
They built the mill and then ran it for a good while and they had an "up and down" saw  
attached. They sawed a lot of lumber there. They had a place to run up logs, and  
they could saw lumber. And could grind their grists if they wanted to. Finally at  
last, Brice Griffin bought it off of them for just a song and he ran it for 10 or 15  
years, I expect. Couldn't grind over 15 bushels in a day's time. When they first had  
the contract the man who put the mill up contracted, guaranteed to grind so much an hour.  
They ground flour ..... The old mill rocks are down there yet, laying out on the ground.  
--The corn rocks and the flour rocks. (Dave: didn't Willie Gibson have a key for it and  
worked there?) He may have. Brice Griffin died. In his Will it was to be sold and  
the money to be given to his mother. Others bid against me. I didn't want anyone to get  
in there that was undesirable and it was up to me to buy that land back. The Mill was  
was sold down from the few years standing there. It wasn't used any more and it cost me  
\$500 to get that piece of land that Uncle Hugh Sharp gave to Uncle Sam Gibson and Tetrick.  
I've given that land to Silas Sharp, my son. (Dave: did you run the mill some yourself?)  
No. I never. I had it run. I take that back. I got old man Elben and his son Charlie  
to remodel that mill. I'm forgetful. I bought 50 bushels of wheat from Sam Moore at  
Edray and I ground all that wheat into flour. And I ground corn to meal. I didn't  
grind any for other people. I may have had Brice Griffin run it a while before he died,  
but I'm forgetful (he couldn't have had Brice, as Brice died and it was sold at auction  
to Dad--?) I didn't grind for others. You got a gallon out of a bushel for toll (for  
grinding it) So it didn't pay me to grind for others. (Dave: was it Henry Gibson's  
father, Sam Gibson that built it?) Yes, he and Tetrick ..... they built the first  
mill. There was a corn mill over at where Barney Showalter lives (Bill Gibson place  
across the creek from the church.) Andy Hannah, took it over from his father John Hannah  
who had it built. He ran it for years. I remember taking corn there to grind.  
(Dave: did you buy any mill stones?) Yes, I bought from old man McLaughlin who had  
a mill for 40 years, I reckon. There's where I got the last corn stone and the flour  
stone--I bought from old man George McLaughlin over above Marlinton. Had them hauled  
over and had Elben's put them on the mill to grind. They cost several hundred dollars  
(new) shipped from foreign countries--France. But I didn't pay much for them. They  
were doing him no good. I got them very cheap. If someone wanted to put in a mill  
they'd be just first class--corn meal and flour. People and times a re ~~was~~ too fast  
now, you know, to stop to grind any corn.

↑  
died Elben

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History, Stories, Thoughts and Advice--Taped of L.D. Sharp 8-29-59 by Paul L. Sharp (copy)  
 --Dec. 1980-- Re-taped on Cassette and typed by Dave Sharp

In the presence of Paul, Ketha and Violet, Dad was asked to sing and did: "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder". Then they ate supper. On tape: Si played some good piano music. Dad: Well, I was 12 years old when my Dad sent me and my two sisters to a singing school. And after we went to two singing schools, they elected what they called chorus leaders. They selected different ones for 3 months, and in electing the offices they elected the little boy 12 years old--that little boy was L. D. Sharp. The first time I got up before the congregation I couldn't keep my knees from clapping together. I could hardly stand on the floor. And I served out my three months and when it came another term (turn) I was elected again. I'm 87 years old and I've been singing and leading groups of singers since I was 12 years old, and since that time going to different counties, taking our group. At one state song service they said there were 15,000 people there and getting up before large congregations didn't have any effect on me. I got so it doesn't have any effect to get up before large congregations because I have been used to it. I often think how hard it was for me to stand before the congregation to lead the first songs I ever tried to sing. We've gone to different counties and gone over into the state of Virginia to a homecoming and were called to Greenbrier county to a homecoming. and they wanted the Slatyfork group of singers. So we took our group to this homecoming. We thought there'd be several groups of singers there. There were several preachers there and a very large crowd--some from California. To my surprise and disappointment, you might say, they depended entirely on the Slatyfork choir. We got a great deal of praise and I was very proud of our group of singers because they did a good job. I love to sing. I hope to someday to be able to sing after this life is over. I do the best I can here, but I'm looking forward to the day that I can really sing when I join the choir in heaven with the angels. (Knowing Dad and his intense love of music, that is exactly what he is doing now!) I'm looking forward to that day. I enjoy attending church and helping with the singing. We've done it several times at home comings this year, and we got a wonderful lot of praise at them, and I believe they really did enjoy the music--our singing.

Paul: Could you say some things about your family?  
 Dad: I have a whole lot to say about my individual family. We had seven children in the family and they all accepted Christ from the age of 8 to 12 years old. I'm certainly proud of that. And I'm proud of my father and mother of the lives they lived. Because I don't know what would have happened to me if I'd had parents like a great number of people have. They never attend church and live wicked lives. But my father and mother when we were growing up, they were so strict on us that the first pocket knife I ever bought, my mother said: "now don't use that pocket knife on Sunday or you'll lose it, ha. ha. and I believed it for a long time. I'd use it during the week and on Sunday I'd lay my pocket knife away. So I'm glad when we retired when the day came to a close, that my mother (I had two sisters) would say "come here and say your prayers before you go to bed" and we'd say our little prayers, as children commonly are taught: "now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, and if I should die before I awake, I pray the Lord my soul to take" So, then, we learned to bend our ~~knew~~ knees while we were so young, and I'm so proud of that, so proud of our early training. The Bible says: Bring up a child when it is young and the way it should go, and when it is old it will not depart from it". And I'm glad my children are following the steps of their mother and their father and trying to live for Christ, and it gives me great joy to think of the great homecomings we attended during the past years and this year. But I'm looking forward to the day when we'll have a great homecoming that will be worth while!--that we'll all meet together at that great homecoming after life is over. That'll be the greatest joy of anything a person can think of.

So many parents never take their children to church, never bring them as they should be brought up. A number of families, as many as 12 at Slatyfork who never attend church. It hurts me that the parents would bring up children so irreverent, not to love their Lord and master while they're young. So I'm certainly thankful that my children came a long distance to visit their old Dad and loved ones here. They haven't been able to come all at one time. But Paul and Ketha and Violet are here now and others have been coming. Before this, Junior (Dave) and his wife and Ivan and his family and Will Curtain (Ada's husband) has been in visiting us. So we certainly do appreciate that. One thing we grieve about is that they take such a short stay and we hate to see them leave us without stopping longer with us--for we enjoy their company so much. As I understand it, Paul and his wife and Violet are going to leave us in the morning and it makes me feel sad that they're leaving us. We'll be very lonesome after they leave, because they've been such company to us.



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Paul: what about your father etc. He was in prison once.  
Dad: ha, ha. He'd done no crime or anything like that to get in prison, ha. People think he had done a terrible crime. No. It was the time of the Civil War. He was living in his home, living a quiet life, harming nobody. The Rebel soldiers came and captured him when he was just in his prime of life. He really wasn't on either side. The people didn't know which side they should join at the beginning or out-break of the war. So they took him to prison and he served 23 months and 24 days in Salisbury, N. C. where they starved thousands to death. I had 3 uncles who were killed during the Civil War. Bernard Luther, and Henry. Luther was only 16 years old and the Rebel soldiers came running down the valley and his mother yelled out "lâck out, yonder comes the rebel soldiers" and this boy took to the hill back of our (this) house and only 16 years old. Old Jake Simmons was following behind the group of soldiers that were running down the valley and he shot this 16 year old boy and killed him. It was the same time they captured my father and took him to prison. The other two boys were in the army when they were killed. One was a rebel and the other was a yankee. (Dad may have told us one other time he wasn't sure one was a rebel).

Paul: You were right here on the border between the North and South, and your family tried to remain neutral and couldn't do it. Dad: And they really didn't know. I've heard them say: at the time when it (war) broke out they didn't know which side they should join! --some of them. My grandfather (William) was a republican--after he lost so many (including Luther) of the family in the war and because of how my father (Silas) suffered as he did in prison. They were Republicans dyed in the blood--they surely were Republicans all their lives.  
Grandfather Sharp (William) and grandfather Hannah (David) --their foreparents came from the foreign countries. They were Irish, German and English. My grandmother could almost trace them ~~231~~ to speak" to Adam. She often time told about them coming over here. We've got all kinds of blood mixed in our veins--Irish, German and English. During the first World War when they were so down on the Germans I said to a traveling salesman: "I've got some German blood in me, what do you think of that?" He said: That's pretty bad blood, pretty bad blood!" ha, ha.  
I've spent 6 winters in Florida and traveled quite a bit. I've been here 87 years the 8th day of June, and I thank the good Lord for taking care of me down through the years. I've had troubles, sorrows and disappointments. I've been only to one dance in my life. I chose to go to. You should keep good company: A girl I'd been corresponding with was as pretty as you say, a speckled pup, ha, and she came to my home, rode a horse up, horse-back. They rode horse back the. No automobiles, even no buggies, and persuaded me to slip off and go to a dance. So I went off up to the dance (on Elk), and the people from all over the country gathered to Elk, a certain section of Elk. They called it prettiest dances. The best I counted, there were 36 people there, and were healthiest people in the county. I never saw such a time in all my life and I never expect to see, nor want to see another like it. Talks about drinking! A fellow played a banjo. Another played a violin. The banjo player got so drunk during the night and I was going around trying to promenade. I'd never been on the floor before and he through out his feet and I fell over his feet and fell in the floor. I was a bashful boy of 18. Oh, I was so ashamed of that! I almost pulled my girl in on me. I had to hold her. I didn't fall clear to the floor. The thing I want to bring out is that every one of those 36 that was there that night has been called into eternity. I'm the only one that the Lord spared a life. I give credit to the Lord for taking care of me down through the many years. I haven't tasted whiskey for 50 years. When I was a child we didn't have a doctor any closer than 23 miles. They had hardly any medicine. So when we were sick the people in the country would give us a little ginger in a little whiskey as a medicine. I never even tasted beer. I'd rather see a saloon in the community than a beer joint. They call them beer parlors and I hear they even have ladies any more to go in and wait on the people, selling beer. I see in the paper where 45% of the people killed in car accidents last year was because of drunken drivers. I think the time has come when every Christian should do everything he can to stamp out the liquor traffic. It'd be a great saving of life for the country. Liquor is ruining so many families and causing so many deaths. I don't know what else to say about my life. I'm going along pretty strong at my age. I've had quite a bit of sickness this past winter--operated on (prostate?), but I've snapped out of that. I'm going to stay as long as the Lord sees fit to leave me here. I'd like to live always if it was the Lord's will. But you know after one's death, then the judgement.

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History, Stories, Thoughts and Advice--Taped of L.D. Sharp 9-29-59 by Paul Sharp 232  
Re-taped on Cassette and typed Dec. 1980 by Dave Sharp

We are told that death comes a thief in the night, when least expected. So we are commanded to be ready and not wait till death comes. We must have on the wedding garments, have our lamps trimmed and ready to enter into the marriage feast. No matter when the summons comes we should be ready. That's my advice to every individual and not wait till they are old to accept Christ. Because after they get to be 50 or 60 years old it is almost impossible to get any one to change their lives. It seems the older they get, the harder it is to amend their lives. So I insist on parents to bring children up the way they should go,--take them to church--not send them. Take them to church every Sunday and live close to a Christian live. Let their influence live in the family they are bringing up.

Paul: What about the roads ~~and~~ in your days?

Dad: We had mud roads. Weren't very wide and were kept up by each farmer who worked 4 days a year in order to keep up those roads. We had no buggies. Most people had wagons because they had to go to Millboro (Va) about 60 miles for salt and roofing and supplies. There wasn't any salt or sugar to amount to anything (here) and they went to Millboro. They (his parents) had mills and ground the wheat people grew and ground flour. Women these days wouldn't try to think about making light bread out of flour like we had to live on. It was the best we could do. I owned a mill after I grew into manhood. (Last used about 1920. Remains can still be seen --1980-- submerged dam-log, rock foundation and the rock side-dam.)

Paul: In the past you've talked about inventions, transportations in the early days.

Dad: Well, back in my boyhood days when there wasn't a buggy in the country and I was one of three who bought the first automobile bought in Pocahontas county. (A 1914 Studebaker) (The enameled licence plate in the store window possibly may have been the plate for it?)

I remember the first buggy that was bought by my brother-in-law. I bought a surrey--a two wheel surrey, the first conveyance I ever had. A good many people don't know what a surrey was. It had two wheels and a skeleton seat, big enough for two people to ride in and we thought we had a wonderful way to move along with a one horse. I went about 40 or 50 miles to where a man was advertising and selling these surreys and buggies. I rode a horseback to go get it with the harness on the horse (to be ready to pull it when I he get there) and I had that until my first courtship, ha. ha.

There were no telephones in the county. I was one of the first to have a telephone. There were 2 or 3 in the county when the lines got through first--just to try it out. (I believe that Dad in another taping said that Marlinton had no phones, and they got their phones after the line was brought through from Randolph County by Slatyfork. It was extended on to Edray and Marlinton. There were probably one or two in the Linwood area before the line got down to Slatyfork. First ones in the county?) Someone who came to my home one day and I was talking 12 miles to Gus P. Moore's store at Edray. They had one. One fellow said to me: "How do you get the message over the line to Mr. Moore's store? The wire is hollow, isn't it?" ha, ha. I said: "no it isn't hollow" ha, ha. He thought we were talking through a hollow tube over the telephone wire.

We had no doctor any closer than 23 miles. No hospitals. If anyone got sick,--most all the farmers had different kinds of teas. They had teas for different sicknesses. They had penicillin tea and different names for teas they had. My mother (Sarah) had a half a dozen different kinds of tea hanging up there (attic?) dried, and if any one got sick --she was a great hand at going to visit the sick. She'd gather up some of these teas and take with her.

(Joke?) When I was quite small we had three changes of food a day. We had Bread and meat for breakfast. Meat and Bread for dinner, and both of them for supper, ha. ha. We enjoyed life, I believe better than today. We could go out and catch a basket full of fish in a few hours, and there were plenty of deer and wild turkeys to galore. And bear, plenty of them--too many of them. They killed our sheep. They did more harm than good. But I believe people were better satisfied. They'd go visit a home and stay all day, and families would come to visit my father and mother and stay all day. There was no rush, and now if they go and stay just a little while in their automobiles, they're up and gone. We're living in a fast age and many are losing their lives by living in this age of automobiles.

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History, Stories, Thoughts and Advice--Taped of L.D. Sharp 9-29-59 by Paul Sharp  
Re-taped on Cassette and typed Dec. 1980 by Dave Sharp

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We rode on horseback. I did my first courting riding horseback.  
Paul: How did you court riding horseback?

Dad: Ha, Ha. Well, I managed to get an awful nice wife--your mother, a preacher's daughter (Laura Morgan) I fooled her and got one of the best girls in the country for a wife. I give credit to my children for being what they are to a great extent for having such a wonderful mother. She was a preacher's daughter. I don't take any credit. I give most of the credit to their mother. Her father was a Methodist circuit rider. He rode horseback. He didn't have any buggy. He preached at nine different appointments (country churches) on the Edray charge. He lived at Edray. (In the same present parsonage building) he had to ride horseback or not get to his churches. It looks like they'd (circuit riders) get a greater reward than ministers today who sit in an automobile and a few minutes after the church service (be at another church)--go all over his charge. Could do it in a few hours. In that time it'd take maybe a half a day to come from the Edray parsonage over to Slatyfork to preach.

Paul: What did you say you went to Millboro for?

Dad: We went to Millboro to get salt, sugar and such things as that. There was no salt in this area.

(About 1884)-- The first time I was to Millboro, I went with Uncle Harmon and another fellow.

..... to take his horses and wanted me to go along. I was 12 years old and it'd take us almost all week. We had a box to carry our lunch in and we'd sleep out at nights. When night came on we'd drive to the side of the road and camp over till morning. We took feed to feed our horses. It took us about all week for this wagon trip. Didn't have any buggies. There was no other way of conveyance.

(Dad told me, (Dave), a story that was not recorded on tape about this trip, when they camped near a negro town in Virginia, and when they pulled a trick-joke on him. I may tell it elsewhere in this booklet being compiled.) See "Jan 31, 1980" page 6

A couple fellows--a railroad came through Mountain Grove (Va)--they thought they'd like to try that train out. So they went to the conductor when the train pulled up and said: "We'd like to have a quarter's worth of ride" The conductor knew they didn't know what they were talking about and he gave them a quarter's worth of ride, ha. He took them on the train and it took them 3 days to walk back, ha. ha. Well that taught them a lesson! They knew not to take over a dime's worth of ride the next time, ha. ha. I guess someone else in their group took care of their horses while they were gone.

Paul: Dad, you've seen a lot of new things--inventions...

Dad: Telephone, hard surface roads, automobiles, T V, airplanes. I rode the first planes that came into the county at the County Fairs. One fellow came in there and made quite a bit of money barnstorming ("Scotty". He'd go behind the barn and take a drink between rides in his biplane. He got killed in Ohio stunting. --I believe flying under a bridge.) People would pay to take a ride over the town of Marlinton and sometimes pretty well all over the county, but not too far because he wanted to get back to get another load of passengers.

Paul: Did you like to fly?

Dad: I certainly did! Paul: Would you rather live now than back when you were a boy?

Dad: I really believe we had more real enjoyment than we do today--even with all the inventions, telephone, TV, radio. People are not satisfied today. We're looking for more inventions and going to the moon (it was predicted). I haven't thought much about that trip! ha, ha. Paul: Do you have anything to say now before you sing for us? Dad: Well,

all I have to say to those who may listen to this, be good and live from day to day, as we're commanded. Be thankful. Realize where our good blessings come from--God. Trust in him and you'll never regret it. Paul: Thank you Dad. Now what song do you want to sing?

Dad: Well the title of the song is "Jesus is the Way"--a wonderful song. I hope anyone who listens to it will pay attention to the words, the meaning of the words. (Mable played the piano while Dad sang solo. Another song: "My Faith Looks up to THEE Thee". Another

song: Trio: Dad, Paul and Mable--"Beautiful Home Somewhere". (Dave: I couldn't tape the music!) ha.

Dave: There was a lot of Si's fine piano playing on Paul's reel tape which was not included on the cassette copies made by Dave. After taping Dad's voice I did go back to Paul's reel tape and picked up (on last 1/4 of 2nd side of cassette) Si playing piano, and with a little comedy-conversation played the tenor banjo, guitar and accordion. And Dad's singing is on the cassette where indicated in the transcript.

62 History and Stories of the Sharp Family, by Luther D. Sharp, taped 6-13-67 in the presence of his children, Si, Ivan, Dave, Violet, his second wife, Mabel, and Genevieve, Ivan's wife. Mabel and I went to the Mary's Chapel graveyard. I looked all through it. There was old man Jim Gibson, Cousin Wm Gibson and other old people I thought was up about 90, 95 years old, and there, they were 70 & 80 years old! Just for fun I told Mabel, "let's get out of here, let's get out of here. I'm the oldest person in here!" ha, ha. 234  
 Yes, Uncle Hugh was 77 years old--on the tombstone 77 years old. (He said to Ivan: "Ivan, wasn't he converted? Ivan, didn't you talk to him and he accepted Christ?" (Ivan: "yes, ..... that was on his deathbed".) He was a mighty fine good man, but never joined the church. (Dave: We're all here except Paul") I'm awful proud of it. I appreciate it, you don't know how much. (Dave: you're 90 years old a couple days ago) I thought sometime ago that I wasn't going to reach 90. I prayed to the Lord to spare my life. (regarding age referred to years and days: "Better to have it even years, you know. It takes right spart paper to print that, and you'd have it in the paper no doubt, but it doesn't matter about it. (Violet: "approximat ely 5,0000 ~~xxxx~~ Sundays--") They made a mistake. Did you figure it up how much it is? (Violet: I don't guess they count the Sunday you were born") Dad: Oh yes they took....(?) (Violet: "four thousand, six hundred eight....(?) Dad: Ha, ha.  
 (Dave: If you counted those.... before he was born that would make some more") Dad: ha, ha I don't regret it. The greatest heritage on earth is father and mother. Raise them up in the way of the Lord, When they get old they won't depart from it. That's history, and I'm no exception. That is time. He's recording every word I say.  
 I'm happy my children got in to my birthday, and my son's .....?.... was born on my birthday. I said (I'd never have any children named after me because it'd mix up the mail so and getting mail and letters. So the way he got his name, he was born on my birthday and after he was born my wife said to me "this is your birthday and this is your birthday present and I'm going to name him Luther David Sharp". I said alright, that's all right ha, ha. She'd gone down to the jaws of death presenting my son, so she could have her wishes! That's how come Jr. got his name, Luther David Sharp. After I'm gone I guess he'll ..... his name .....? (Dave: They can call me "LD" then.) ha, ha.  
 Yes, it was nice you to stop by and see old Dad. ....?....Christian Life that's the remain(?) of faith and family. That's my faith. ....  
 Thinking about having ..... prepared, I never heard my father go to bed in his lifetime ~~in~~ go to bed without having prayer. Lets all of us bow and have a silent prayer. ( silence ) (The following has to do with two hitchhikers he picked up on Elm in his car. ....this one fellow, he told me, I asked what ~~was~~ was he doing coming out of that hollow up there "and Lake Reed was up there getting lumber, and we sent truck up (hitchhiker: why, we were up there hauling lumber and broke the truck down and we're ~~go~~ going on to Marlinton to get some parts") And in no time when the other wouldn't tell me where he was from.....hesitancy in answering, I figured out when I hadn't gone a half a mile, I knew who they were. And so I was scared out of my senses nearly. Went over to Marlinton, said to myself, now ..... If they demand me to go on by, I'm going to fly right on by over in the city and raise ned if they heller for me to go on. I came down hurried as fast as I could across the bridge. They yelled "we wanted to get out back there" and I'd ran them all the way across the bridge and let them out. And here a couple days later police caught them in Huntington. Dad was asked if his father made their shoes. ....pair of boots atime or two. (Dave: where did you get the leather?) Got from McCerty down at Millpoint. Killed a beef and they'd send hides down and he'd tan it and get it back in a year's time. Got leather all the time that a way. (Dave: didn't he (his father) make shoes for all the family? ) Yes all the family. He had lasts for all of them (Dave: did he make shoes for others too?) No. I don't know where he got his lasts. (Genevieve asked: did they make different size shoes?) Yes different lasts ..... for size of our feet. (Dave: Did he ever make any pegged ones?) Yes, all he made was pegged shoes. He'd punch a hole and he made the pegs too. Made of maple. Sawed off about half an inch or one fourth an inch, you know, off right on through like that. He'd sharpen off at each side first, I think and all he had to do was sharpen each one on the other side. Oh, he could make them as nice as you could buy them. He was a mechanic, mechanically inclined. But I never got ..... as most of my boys did, who take after my father. He made breast pins when he was in prison at the time of the civil war. He was in there 23 months and 24 days, lacking six days of two years, and he made breast pins and made a couple breast pins and sent them back to mother who he was courting before they nabbed him and took him into the starvation prison.

Hitch  
Hikers

Made  
Shoes

Breast  
Pins



They starved them by the hundreds and by the hundreds, starved them to death. At Salisbury, N. C. (Dad on way to Florida about 1939?) and we stopped (Violet: wasn't he in prison in Richmond too?) Yes, before they took them all to Salisbury, N. C. and an old man (sitting on the street) had a long grey beard. Henry and I and your mother.....ed I said where was the prisons at---my father served 23 months and 24 days, lacking 6 days of being two years. I said they didn't have prisons, they just had just like barns scattered all over this country here. He said they starved to death and what they didn't starve to death, they poisoned. And I said my father was traded for Rebel prisoners just a few days before the war ended, and he said, Oh no, there wasn't a one that escaped. Every last one of them starved to death, or was poisoned. And I said my father lived through it and I am his son. He wouldn't give up. I couldn't make him believe. My father said "I saw them every day, wagon loads of soldiers and saw them digging trenches through the fields and just throwing them in and dirt over them." Well, one thing about the rebels were starving even their own men. didn't have food and of course prisoners of the Yankee army. Why, a good way to get rid of them so wouldn't have to feed them, you know. (Dave: didn't he sell some of those breast pins he made to get extra food, but how did he get extra food if they didn't have it?) I don't know how he got these (? black hides ?...) made beautiful breast pins. (Dave: did you ever see any of those pins?) Oh yes, I've seen them. My mother kept the first few (? letters?) I don't know who which one of the girls got them, --Malinda or Ella. He said that they died off there with diphtheria and said the old black woman that gave medicine for diphtheria, that he got on the right side of her and told her to give him two doses of it. She doubled the dose. He said them out every day and buried them. And said there was a captain that was so mean to the prisoners and the prisoners threw a bag over a captain's dog that followed him in. They then killed that dog, and ate that dog. And then said they begged him to eat some of it and killed a cat and begged him to eat a bite of it and he said, I think he couldn't swallow it. And he said he didn't get any more in a week than he could eat in one meal. Said they had skippers (worms) all over the top where they had boiled the ham and said we just turned it up and drank it. (Dave: How did he come back home?) I started to tell you a while ago: why the captain that was so mean to the prisoners, and somebody shot outside while he was in there going through among the prisoners, and he went to the window and stuck his head out to see who it was that shot outside and they blew his head all to pieces. He said the prisoners rejoiced over this, because he was so mean to them... He stuck his head out to see who shot, so they blew his head off.. (Dave, did he walk back from Salisbury N. C?) Yes, he said he went by a town after his release--got his release. Grandfather Sharp (Wm.?) and Wamsley had (they or this?) yankees had Wamsley's son and Captain Marshall's son and Grand father's Sharp had traded. Got traded sons out of one prison out of the other. Just a few days or weeks before the war was over. Said they were going by a town and they said "how did you get out" and he told them he was released, and said traded.....? And they said "if we gain our independence, we won't let you live with us". He said: "if you gain your independence I'll not want to live with you!", and they came out, started out like they were going to ..... He said I put down the best running I could do I ran but they stopped me and didn't follow. Yes, they was mean (souther rebels) (Dave: I guess they were kind of mean on both sides,?) Well, I don't know about the Yankees, I guess the yankees..... treated the southern prisoners better? anyway. My grandfather Sharp (William), after the war was over, he brought suit against Marshall. Capt. Marshall he was a captain, but had men through here. Old funny name (....) had captured my father (Silas). He brought suit against him for several hundred dollars. (apparently Marshall was a rebel) It was in court for years. He came to my father's house over there. Called him out. They wanted to see father to ..... a compromise. (Dave: What was that in regard to?) Capt. Marshall and Wamsley, they came to see him. (Violet asked a question?) No. They wanted him to say something so when they go into court that they could get it released, you know. (Dave: what did he sue for?) Because they took his son (Silas) away from home here when he wasn't in the army. He wasn't bothering them at all, you know. They find a young man the thought he was a yankee and they took him to put in prison and starve him to death. Whether they meant to or not, they didn't have food for their soldiers, they claimed, but they did starve them to death by the 100's and 100's of them. I couldn't make that old man believe all my telling him about my father lived, that any of them got out at all. Oh, my father said

Civil War

Breast Pins

exchange

zip home

Saw Bill Marshall

Civil War

## History and Stories of the Sharp Family, Slatyfork, W. Va. by L. D. Sharp

it was awful, awful life. (Dave: Gen Lee camped up here at Linwood, didn't he?) Yes, they came through here on our land and the fence around that field was all rails, and they said ..... few thousand of them, they took from one side to the other and brought those rails and put them right up through that field yender from one end to the other and started a fire and camped there and burned all the rails up in the 10 acre field. They camped at Linwood a great long time. (Dave: didn't someone go up there and haul back some lead bullets that was left by the rebels when a freight wagon broke a wheel in the creek?) My father and Uncle Hugh went up there and had all they could carry on their shoulders—100 lbs, I suspect, or 75.. all my life we melted those rebel bullets and made bullets for our guns. We put them behind the chimney over there (at the old home place—at a chimney about 50 feet below the present old house) I've gone there and got them & there was a pile as big as a half a bushel or more than that where they were piled there in back of the steps. Uncle Hugh brought the same over here (at the log house next to the new house now in use). It was all they could carry. Lots more left there. They carried out all they could. (Dave: did any of them (Sharp's) go up and visit the army at Linwood?) They wouldn't bother them up there. Mrs. (?) (Yeagart? ??...) different times talked about "there goes Gen. Lee's horse many times. (Dave: did she say that?) I think he was kinda courting her, you know. She was a girl. Gatewood was a colonel in the army in the rebel army. (Dave: In the rebel army? I thought maybe a colonel Gatewood would have been in the northern army) No he was in the southern army. (Gatewood lived at Linwood on the bank beside the road. It was dismantled about 1970 and a modern house built there) (Dave: that must have been the reason they camped at Linwood.) They knew about where the union army was, and they had some over in the valley, you see. (Valley Head-Mingo area) It was at Elkwater where they had their fight. (Dave-1980: I thin there is a statue of Gen Lee beside the road on Mingo Flats yet).  
 Jake Gibson acted crazy and ..... he was in the ~~Army~~ army down there and he ran to the river and their army was then on horses. The captain was on a horse and they galloped past him and he ran to the river and the river was up deep and he couldn't swim and it was too deep and the captain galloped up to him and he ~~was~~ fired a shot or two and ordered him to surrender and he says: "you're a brave soldier—not a hair of your head will be hurt, then he ~~sh~~ (Jake) shot at the captain and hit the horse and killed the horse out from under the captain. The captain ordered them to shoot him. They shot Jake Gibson all to pieces. He was a brother to old man Bill Gibson, old man Jim Gibson. He would have saved his life. That was foolish, when he didn't have a chance, he should have taken a chance on getting away again, shouldn't he? His brothers were old man Bill Gibson and Dr. Gibson—they were raised up here on Elk. Is my bed made honey (Mabel) (Dave: you're 90 years old. You better get some rest) I have to get up so many times at night is what gets my .. (strength?). WENT TO BED. X NEXT DAY: (Dave: who built the old house down here that we call the honey house?) Grandfather William Sharp. The first house was down at Eva Sheltons. Just at that apple orchard. (at the mill dam spring). Way back in my young days I've seen the chimney rocks. They hauled them away later on. And they came up here and built that house (what's standing of it?) and then built another above here, a new house—later on after later years. (Dave 1980: I don't know which he means) Had to haul the logs around to Andy Hannahs where Barney Showalter lives (across from the church). Old man Hannah had an up-and-down saw mill that was run by water, where he had a mill dam where people took their logs there and he sawed them into lumber. And they got lumber to build this house—I mean that second house (Dave: I don't know which one it was unless it was the addition added on nearby and moved out of the way to build the present new house, and which log house covered with clappard that Si Sharp sold to a man in or near Elkins who planned to re-construct it over there—about 1976 or 77.) (Violet: why did they use water at the saw mill—to float the logs?) Had a mill dam there and had a place the water ran through on a wheel and that started the grist mill a grinding and they ground all our corn into meal for years and years. Then we built one (a mill) down here. Will Elbon built one down here. Uncle Hugh Sharp gave Uncle Sam Gibson and somebody else the land—that tract of land—5 or 8 acres, to build a mill dam. So they got Elbon from down at Webster Springs. He was a millright man and ....  
 But I got old man Elbon and his son Charlie to put in the burrs and ground flour. The box up in the wagon house—that was in the mill. We ground wheat there for years. And Brice Griffin tended to the mill. Those rocks (burrs) are still there yet. (Violet: Did you get some of the meal for rent?) Well, I had Brice Griffin make a will, so if he died



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that it was to be sold and the money be given to his mother. And Brice agreed to it and I drew up the will and had witnesses sign it. Later on..... he died and they put it up for sale. And here comes this fellow from up at Cass down there and it up on me. Uncle Hugh gave him the land to build themill. I had to pay \$500 to keep that fellow from buying it and keep him out of down here. (Dave: you've gotten \$500 worth of fishing out of it) Many times more than that of pleasure. I got pleasure of a thousand dollars or more just fishing. I'll have to go to bed now. Good night.

NEXT DAY:

(Dave: did Uncle Hugh save those service trees up there?—on the flat) Oh yes, he cut down the other trees and left the service trees. (Dave: These chestnut trees, we used to pick them up and a nuts here when I was young) You could pick them up by the bushel. (Dave: what did they use them for, bread?) Well, they'd eat what they wanted to eat. Didn't make bread out of the m. I bought them by the bushels here 50 - 60 years ago and shipped to one of the cities, I don't know which. They'd lay on the ground and you could pick up a bucket full in no time. But some blight struck them and killed all the chestnut trees, I reckon all over the United States, and it about put the squirrels and turkeys out of business. They just feeded on them. That was an awful loss to our country. Wild turkeys feasted on them. There were so many wild turkeys, and they just died off—starved to death. (Dave: wasn't there one or two rebels soldiers buried up at the top of the hill?) He was buried just to the left hand side of the road. I was plowing there and the horse broke through in on it. Looked down in one. (Dave: who shot those rebels—were they rebels?) I don't know if they were rebels or yankees. I think they were Yankees killed. Joe Gay and Walt (Apple?). (Dave, 1980: Uncle Hugh said they were from the South) (Dave: didn't uncle Hugh say they brought one of these men in here to the fireplace in the old house?) Yes, Uncle Hugh thought so much of him—stayed with him till he died. He was shot up there at the "flatrocks" (near "yellow house"—near the new water fountain up on the old road). (Dave: Didn't those rebel soldiers take all the apples the family had?) They come there where they had them buried in holes, you know. Lee's army came over there and commenced taking apples. It was Grandfather Will Sharp's place. They commenced to pick them up and the captain told them to stand back and handed them out to them. They went across the creek to the meadow and took rails from each side and brought them up the middle and piled them along the center for 100's of yards and burnt every rail. Seems like the captain told them to pay for the apples. They camped across the creek that night in that meadow and burned every rail. (Violet: what did they burn them for?)

Keep warm—Lee's army --through the night. (Dave: what did you use to start fires?) Shavins, had no lampoil, had no lamps. Candles was only thing I had to study my lessons with. Beef tallow candles, and sat by the fire and enjoyed it as much as we do now with electric lights we have now. Martha Jane Hannah was so "close" and "tight" and I was up there to visit my sister (Malinda?) she was married and young boys gathered around there and in a room there, I bet she had 150 candles piled up in a room. She'd light candles for her husband to read the Bible and before they'd say prayer, she'd get up and blow it out before we'd get down to pray! And remember, we always had let the candle burn, and their children studying their lessons, going to school, and one of them would get up there and punch the fire up so it'd blaze up and turn their books up sideways so they could see ~~the~~ to read—I can still see it. She was that "close" in saving her money. My mother ~~made~~ made our candles. I think the mould for them are out here in the store showwindows. I've seen my mother make a many a one. We had slates to write on. We figured arithmetic on slates at school. Oh, there's a big change, we got along just as well. We enjoyed life just as much as we do now,—I believe more. They'd go on a visit to neighbors and stay all day. And they don't do that now. They had log rollings. They'd come from all around—from 5 or 8 miles around—gathered for those log rollings and help roll up the logs that the man had cut through the winter time to raise crops next year. Most all of them would clear a patch of land and put in corn the next year. That's the way this country was cleared off, and then they'd call them in and move those logs into heaps and burn them up. Oh, they burned thousands and thousands of dollars worth of valuable timber—cherry and.... and I've seen where they rolled up big poplar trees, you know, when lumber wasn't worth anything then. Then another man would have a log rolling and they'd all go and help him. They'd divide off with leaders. Each man would have 5 or 6 men in his crew, and each would see how fast they could roll up those logs. I remember when that field "around top of the hill" (right side of Slatyfork creek and below the old county road) had a log rolling for that. And John Gilson, he's a powerful man, he'd say spices under a log and 5 or 6 men carry it if they could. I can remember it as well as if it were yesterday carrying log.

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man, he'd get spikes under a log and 5 or 6 men carry it if they could. I can remember it as well as if it were yesterday--carrying logs out of that swamp over there. The man would have the trees cut up in logs ready then (for log rolling). They enjoyed life just as much. They killed a wild turkey about any time they wanted to. (that was his great sport). Deer were plentiful. And fish, I've seen my father, he made his fish, I've seen him go down Elk river and come back with a basket full of fish. Creeks were alive with fish. (Dave: how old was your dad and mother?) He was 56 and mother 62. Ivan has the honor... .... for getting Uncle Hugh to accept Christ. He was a good man but never had gone to church. But Ivan talked to him just before he died, and he accepted Christ. Isn't that right? (Ivan: ... a day or two before out on the porch??) (Ivan: he said "everything was straightened up all right --I accept the Lord") That's all we need to do. "If ye confess me before men you shall be saved" --and I risk my life on his word., for his word is true. (Dave: how many people did you say was gone from Elk to Mace your age or over that?) Well, from top of Elk Mountain to top of Mace Mountain the best I could count there were 253. They didn't have any jobs away from here and they stayed at home, and none of them would leave Pocahontas County or even Elk. And they married 1st and 2nd cousins--a whole lot of them, cause they didn't get out to meet with other children. Yes there were 253 of them from my age and above have gone into the eternal world. Molly Slanker was the latest one--about 2 years ago. She's from Pennsylvania--she died. She was about a year or two older than I was. ~~IMIXX~~ Lots of people younger than me died, but those 253 were my age or older. But I don't know that it's any great blessing to live to be so old. If you're ready to die and pass off at any young age, why they spend a lot of chastisements and trouble through life. I've had a pretty hard life of it--up's and downs. (Genevieve: you've had more ups than downs) I guess that's right. But if I had the privilege, Ivan, tonight, to set back to two years old, to live my life over again, I'd say "no". I don't want to live it over. .... But I wouldn't want to live my life over again and go through what I've gone through with. Oh, I've had a pretty hard time of it. Lots of sorrow--my mother and dad, sisters, my wife and my daughter and (then) leaving out, leaving me. (they'd passed on, he means.) Have to bear it though. That'll be a great homecoming, won't it!? And we don't know who has to go next. Should be ready and not worry about it. When the Lord calls us, why, I know we have on our wedded garments to enter into the marriage feast. I ... In the Bible some of them had made no preparation and when they went to go into the marriage feast why it was over with before they could go in. You know they gave that explanation. How easy, if we'd realize that Christ lives within all of us. "If you confess me before men, you shall be saved!"--and I'll confess you before my Father who is in Heaven. I go to prepare a place for you and I'll come here and receive you unto myself. I go prepare a mansion for you" He promised a mansion up there for us. And it says it's never been told to man yet the great joy of heaven. The great joy we'll have in Heaven when we get through the pearly gates. That's his word. My father died so young. Finally, he was so tired he said "make me a a pallet down before the fire," Sally ~~the~~ ~~was~~ called his wife Sarah, "Sally" and I'll try to lay down". ~~she~~ ~~can~~ ~~lay~~ ~~down~~ ~~before~~ ~~the~~ ~~fire~~ (fireplace) and he laid down and he hadn't laid there, I don't think two minutes, he called "Sally, Sally, Sally" and by the time they got him up to his desk he had died right there. He suffered untold pain. Dr. Cameron said he had cancer, but we had no sign of it. But he had those awful bad spells, he couldn't lay down. It might have been appendicitus. If now, he'd been operated on and saved. (Dave: how long was he sick?), Oh, he had the cancer 12 months or longer, that he was bad. (Dave: what did your mother die of?) Yes, she took pneumonia and died. We had a mare that had a colt and mother was looking after it in the cold weather and the colt got in the fence. I told her "mother it's so cold you're exposing yourself. You'll take pneumonia and die. Why, she said: "why do we want to stay here, it's better on beyond" and by the way in a day or so she took pneumonia and lived just a short time. (she died Dec. 21, 1908) And I said to her "did you see this evening the beautiful sunshine with the going down of the sun?" She answered "I look at my heavenly home every day. There isn't a day but what I look and view my heavenly home." She's the one (Sarah) who had the brother (about age 10) who died and went to heaven and told all about the beauties of Heaven and all (the people) he saw there, and so on. And came back (to life) and performed miracles--threw a handkerchief up to the left and it stayed there till 2 o'clock the next day. And said I'll show you where

above: "Sally, he called her Sally"

Self talks in 'Abraham's' of 'Up Egypt' what is name?



Page 6 History and Stories of the Sharp Family, Slatyfork, W. Va. by L. D. Sharp; (taped 6-13-59) 239

Heaven is", and went out and my Mother and all of them, the whole heavens turned the prettiest light you ever saw. (The boy, Otha or Othy said:) "now up this way pap is coming" He'd been to a sale up on Elk and had been gon all day, I reckon. And said a light like a candle showed the pathway where Grandfather (Hannah). Grandfather (Hannah) came home and Otha told him he'd died and had been in Heaven and told about seeing Aunt Martha Buzzard. She'd shout all over the church. She died before he was born. And told (or) different ones. Said "the Savior took me over and showed me the pits of hell, and there was fellow on Elk that was so wicked and said Christ asked him "why did you take my name in vain"? And he said it was so beautiful there. Grandfather Hannah asked him "Did you come back to stay with me?" "I just came back just to tell you about heaven. You're worrying about Joe who died at 12 years old and had never joined the church. There he is!! Can't you see him!—and there's the Savior!—just as plain as he can be. The Lord has saved my brother!" (Later:) "I'm just going to stay a short time. He then begged for Aunt Mary (Mama) to put her in the fire and said "not a hair of hair will burn" and of course they wouldn't give her to him as she was just a baby. And he told Grandfather Hannah after so long of time "I wish you'd make me a pallet down before the fire. Before that though he said I want to eat with you before I go. She got some food on the table and he sat there and sat there and she ate. And when they got through they said why didn't you eat with me. He said "the savior feed me on light loaf and milk and honey all the time you were eating." (Dad told us other times that the family could smell honey in that breadbox for a long time after that). He said "there he is right there, can't you see him?" Then he asked Grandfather Hannah about making a pallet before the fire after so long a time. And he laid the pallet down and Otha didn't move a hand or foot and never gave a groan. That made them all. (Christians) And, Uncle George Hannah became a preacher. Grandfather Hannah wouldn't eat anything cooked on Sunday after that. I think Otha had diptheria. It killed so many of them on Elk. -- Arabaugh's (?) and 5 or 6 old maids and bachealers--killed everyone in the family and killed the only sister my father had. What was her name?--Martha? (Dave: I think it was Mary) She was buried down top the hill on the left hand side of the road (Rt 219 below the store). (Genevieve: was it your mother's brother that died and went to heaven?) Yes, he went to heaven and came back and performed these miracles. When he came back a--at the two-story house, there above Frank Hannah's above the road (Rt. 219). I was there a time or two in that house when I was a child. And he went out and showed them where heaven was. He threw the handkerchief up and it said it will stay there on the left (ceiling) and it'll stay up there and when he threw the red bandana handkerchief, I've heard different ones of the family say and it looked like the space of a knife blade between it and the ceiling and it stayed there the rest of that day and Grandmother Hannah had that baby and didn't go up to the Hannah graveyard up there at George L Hannah's up where the graveyard was then. (Vee Hannah's place) She asked him what time they did they put Otha in the grave. (Otha:?) And grandfather told her "at two o'clock" when they buried him. She said, "I noticed at 2 o'clock that handkerchief was laying across the back of the chair. I've heard them say, and I know it to be a fact, they said it looked like the width of a knife blade between it and the loft. Oh, God gave him the power to perform those miracles. Genevieve, did your mother die with a heart attack? (Genevieve: she must have) Wasn't she singing "I lay down my cross and take up my crown" (Genevieve: I'll change my cross for a crown" --as soon as she got through singing that song she was gone. END

*Dad told me previously that Otha told his father on his return from the sale that he caught him (Otha) a cold.* \* David Hannah's house

Where the tape was not clear, I put dots ..... and question marks ????? If someone can decipher the tape better later on, it could be changed, or filled in. This was a tape Dave Sharp, his son, made in the summer of 1959. Paul Sharp also has a tape of Dad. I may also have another one misplaced just now.

*Aunt Mary about married Sam Hester,* 239

*Self this is a '2 hours and 1/2' tape of 'Dad' what is it?*

Stories and History of the Slatyfork Sharps

by Dave Sharp  
240  
skunk

One time Dad, (L. D. Sharp) as a boy living at the "old place" over the hill, came home at night with a lantern up the path along the side of the hill (left of the Slatyfork creek) about 400 yards from the mouth of the creek, when he saw a skunk just in front of him. He couldn't let it get away so he jumped on it with both feet. His feet flew out from under him and he rolled 30 feet down the steep bank, bruised, so lay there a minute to get his breath. He felt the skunk under him and he jumped up and down on it till he killed it. He broke his lantern globe. He said he got more than enough from the pelt to buy a globe. But ~~xxxxxxxx~~ his mother made him leave the clothes outside the house until the odor left.

I, Dave, was given by my father, Uncle Hugh Sharp's silver, 18 size <sup>William</sup> pocket watch. Uncle Hugh may have bought the watch, or it may have belonged to his father, William. As I remember the story, the watch was dropped in the mill dam when they were working there late one day. They were only able to get it out the next morning. They wound it up and it started running. Dad said it probably was waterproof from the grease on it from Uncle Hugh wearing it, ha.

Dad always took us boys fishing on the first day of the season. He was a good fly fisher. I've seen him catch two at once several times on flies. He said he took mother fishing once and he told her not to stand over the hole as the fish would see her. He laughed and said she caught the largest of all they caught. He took us deer hunting and bear hunting. One time he had me back up on Slatyfork mountain and the dogs were barking chasing a bear over on the other side. He listed a little bit and said: "that's the sweetest music ever made--dogs yelping after a bear". He perhaps killed 50 or more deer in his lifetime, but I have never ever heard him say he ever killed a bear. He shot at, at least, one, up on the mountain. The bear had cubs. He sighted and when he pulled the trigger, he knew later, he had the rear sight on her, but not the front sight. He thought he'd have a fight with her.

When he was about 80 we children presented him for Christmas a trophy with a plate on the front engraved "The Greatest Deer Hunter in W. Va." and our names engraved on it. He was very pleased with it. Later, when he was unable to climb the mountains (age about 89) he sat in a chair up Slatyfork creek in a blind, went to sleep, woke up and saw a deer and shot it. It ran across the creek and fell dead. I think Ivan came down to where he was and brought it over to the road.

One time when he was over on Gauley, deer hunting at a deer lick, he hid in a tree top about 50 feet from the (salt) lick. It was getting late in the afternoon when a "catamount" (wildcat?) kept smelling deer tracks at the licks and wouldn't leave. It was getting almost dark, so he decided to shoot the cat as no deer would come to it. He said he sighted and sighted, but didn't have the front sight up in the rear sight when he shot. The cat didn't know where the shot was from and the only place he could go hide was that tree top, so he made 3 or 4 big jumps toward Dad in the tree top. Dad said he jumped up and yelled as loud as he could, and the cat went the other way! ha.

Another time, he was hunting over there with, I believe a Sam Higgins. The other man was on a stand up the hill. Dad was "driving" or hunting around the hill below when he saw a deer running by. He shot it and it fell down. Dad set his gun against a tree and stepped one leg across the deer, got a hold of its horns and to see where he hit it, when the deer jumped up quickly and started to run. Dad got off and away from it and grabbed his gun and shot it dead. He said later, it would have been funny if he had held on to its horns and rode it up through the stand by the other hunter. ha. <sup>ONE ANTLER HAD A YAW AND A B-LINK NOTCH - IT STUNNED THE DEER.</sup>

Another time he went fishing with Jackson, I think, over on Gauley. The boy was (DAVE) only about 11 years old. They camped on the bank of the creek, but it was actually an island when the water was up high. They built a fire, and it started to rain very hard and the creek got high. They heard a "catamount" whining in the woods. They were afraid to move over where the cat was, and afraid to stay on the island because the water may wash them away. As I recall, they kept the fire going bright to keep the cat away. (They may have moved over on higher ground and rebuilt the fire --?)

Another time hunting (or fishing) over on Gauley, they camped out (no shelter) and they told bear stories before going asleep. Dad's had came off and he was feeling around for it about 2 AM, when his hands came upon another fellow's head. He thought a bear had him and he jumped up yelling, ha.

Jackson's memory of the fellow that worked for Dad, he once told friends to get this fellow's brains out by the eggs! what's his name?  
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Uncle Hugh had, I think, about 15 pet deer at one time. When he was a small boy of about 12 one of his older brothers saw a bear with cubs up in the ~~law~~ laurel patch, but they told him that they saw a deer with fawns up there, so he sneaked up there, perhaps to capture a fawn. When he got in the bushes, he saw the bear and she took after him in protection of her cubs. He ran down the hill and crawled into a hollow log ~~some~~ couldn't get him. Later on when he was grown and when Dad was perhaps 12 years old, he had the 15 deer. All he had to do to get a buck deer was to wait till a buck followed his most beloved deer, named, I think "Nellie".

One time Dad and Aunt Ella was coming from over the hill (the old place) and were going through the meadow, when this deer <sup>CRACK VICE</sup> I believe had fawns and protecting them, took after them. They ran to a small tree and climbed up, in it till Uncle Hugh came to their call for rescue.

One fall when Uncle Hugh was, perhaps above the service patch of trees, when men were deer hunting when he heard a shot. When he got out to where he heard the shot, there lay his pet deer with her bell that she wore around her neck. The man offered to pay for her. He then offered him the meat, but he told them he couldn't eat his pet deer.

The limestone cave below the railroad track, up the road, opposite the waterfountain on route 219 has been known for years as the Hugh Sharp Cave. I was told that a deer was tracked in there once. Maybe went to entrance for shelter. Uncle Hugh is supposed to have his name written inside some place. I have seen names on the walls inside but I don't recall seeing his name, but it is a big cave.

Captain Mundy and Uncle Hugh were good friends. I faintly remember a story about Captain Mundy coming up on an Indian in the woods and they fought to the death. The Indian was mostly naked and greased and Captain Mundy could hardly hold him to throw him down. I don't recall the outcome of the fight.

Captain <sup>MUNDY</sup> lived at one time in Buckhannon. As I recall, Dad and I drove to Mrs. Mundy's house in Buckhannon when I was in college. She was old, and may have been younger than him when she married him???

Ramona Shipley has Ivan's collection of old deeds. Among them is one of 1860 when William Sharp, Sr. deeded 2,020 acres "for love and \$5" to his son William Sharp, Jr. ~~She~~ she also has a copy of a 1931 Pocahontas Times giving an account of in 1832 of William Sharp, age 92 petitioning the State of Virginia for an army pension for Indian scouting and fighting against the British in the revolutionary war. Perhaps she could make us some copies of these, ~~she did~~.

I heard the story, I think Dad told, that Uncle Hugh went up ~~Blk~~ to see a Rider girl up the hollow above Jim Gibson's on a Sunday. Some boys knew he was coming and tied a string across the path up to the house, near the house. They pulled the string and he fell embarrassing him, and he never went with any girls after that.

Uncle Hugh used to go up to the upper meadow, up the creek from the new store, to feed the cows hay. When the water got up too deep to get across, he would walk on stilts. One day in the winter his stilt hit an apparent submerged cake of ice and he slipped and fell in the deep water.

This reminds me of the time Dad had Austin Galford to cut a limb of a locust tree over ~~at the~~ "old place" that hung over the hole of water near the big barn (now gone). He climbed up there with a saw or ax and stood on the limb and cut it off and he fell in that hole of water. They described his yell as "Oussch!!" when he fell in the water on that winter day.

I'd heard that Uncle Hugh didn't like flowers. Perhaps they planted some that he thought was in his way. One day when they went to church, and when they got back they found the flowers wilted, as if hot water had been poured on them.

~~Uncle Hugh had a sugar tree orchard back up on the flat and he worked it on Sundays.~~ His <sup>WIFE</sup> ~~mother~~, <sup>SARAH</sup> ~~Buchanan~~, told him he would lose by working on Sundays. Dad said that for about five Sundays in a row he had misfortune. Spill all the Syrup. Log trough sprung a leak and lost all the sugar water, etc etc.

Dad said when he was a boy, they relied on sugar from sugar trees for sweetener. They had to get 100 pounds of sugar (maple sugar) and then they could make maple syrup. They used wooden spiles to get the water from the trees. And had small wooden troughs at each tree to catch it in, as they had few buckets. There was a sugar camp up on the flat. Dad had a sugar camp over at the old place just below the meadow there at the creek.

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Granddad, Preacher Morgan was driving along in his buggy on a steep mountain road, when a pheasant flew up and scared his horse and the buggy up-set over the hill and broke his leg and a gallon of jug of molasses. He was taken into a neighbor's house and put to bed. A woman ~~xxxxx~~ who donated the molasses came to see him and worried about the lost molasses. Granddad Morgan took pneumonia there and died. Probably was in a cold room. Grandmaw Morgan then married "Wes" Ervine up the "Brush Country", and inherited his 20 acres. The Morgans had Laura, Lena, Ninnie, Bill and Edgar Morgan. Grandma was a Ramsey from Greenbrier County--(Roncerverte?) Maiden name, Ramsey. ---Si Sharp

Dad, L. D. Sharp, sold the timber on the Hugh Sharp place after Uncle Hugh gave him the farm to take care of him the rest of his life. With the money he built the large 17 room house. Kennison from Hillsboro (Perhaps a brother of a Kennison girl "LD" went to see when she taught school on Elk near Aunt Ella's--I think she taught school). contracted to build the house for \$5000. When it was finished she told Dad that he broke even on it. Dad gave him 10% more--\$500. Uncle Hugh moved into the new house, from the log house which is still standing, which was built about 1916-1918. Mrs. Rachael Showalter from Linwood stayed there and cooked for Uncle Hugh. Uncle Hugh had his bee hives moved inside the new fence of the house. He hid his money in the lid of one of his bee hives. We heard that someone found out where it was and took it. He had a bee hive with a glass window to see the bees working. Ivan said that Captian Moundy made it for him. They were good friends and bought some land together, or received it as a grant from the State of Virginia. Uncle Hugh had several large round hives made from hollow logs that are still in storage along with the glass windowed one. The log house was built before the Civil War, by William Sharp, father of Hugh. His first house was just inside the fence at the big spring at the mill dam. Si said the old barn below the store was there before and during the civil war. Uncle Hugh apparently told Si about it.

---Dave Sharp

Dad told a story that his father, Si told him Either grandfather Si or his father, William had been missing ears of corn out of the corncrib at night. He decided to set the wolf spring trap in the corn crib. One morning at daybreak he was going by the crib on the way to the barn, and through the corner of his eye he saw a man caught at the corncrib and pretended not see him. The man yelled out "Silas" (or was it "William"). He went over, and he said to let him out of the trap and he'd never do it again. He begged that it not be told because he was so ashamed. Dad said he never did tell what neighbor it was that stole the corn.--he kept his promise not to tell.

---Dave Sharp

Another time, Silas was loosing ~~hay~~ hay out of the barn on the mountain. He slept up there a night or two and caught a man, that I believe said was Hannah. He also promised not steal hay again, but no promises was made about telling about it.

---Dave Sharp

Dad and Uncle Bob Gibson went to the St Louis World Fair in 1904. Dad's grandmother, Fester knew some German because her parents were from Germany. Dad knew one word, which was German for "pretty girl". Among all the different booths (Italian, English, etc.) there was a German booth selling items. Dad walked up to a group of girls in the booth and said his word. They immediately started talking in German. He said he was so embarrassed that he turned around and hurried away., ha.

---Dave

There is a large limestone cave between the road and the railroad at the waterfountain that has been known as the "Hugh Sharp Cave". He had been in it several times, and may have originally found it. Si, Paul, Dave and othes have been in it. A creek runs over a waterfall in it. Paul took pictures of it with a flash back in the 30's.

On Gauley Mountain, is a ~~knob~~ knob known as the Sharp Knob, and probably named after William who bought land in that area for Marmon. It is near the fire tower area.

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The Slatyfork Sharps, Stories, History, and Miscellaneous Items.

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SHARP 4

David Hannah, father of Sarah Hannah, wife of Silas Sharp, lived in a log house where Page Hannah lived, and in recent years where Archie and Cora Gibson lived in a newer house after the log house was removed. Frank Hannah said that David sold the place to Frank's father, Sam Hannah, before David moved to Buck. Apparently David died there and was brought back and buried in the Hannah cemetery on Elk. Tradition is that David was buried in an unmarked grave in the Hannah cemetery. My father said that there is some confusion about where David lived all his life. Across from Sam Hannah's David lived in a two-story log house on the left of the road. And Dad also told me one time (Frank Hannah) house. Said he had been in the house. Dad said the two-story house that his grandfather lived there at Page Hannahs. Dad said the two-story house burned. So maybe they rebuilt down at the Page Hannah place. Ivan in his tapes (recorded elsewhere in this book) I believe states that David lived on the Dilley place in a log house that burned down, and where Otha died and had his vision of heaven. (Ivan's tape also said Anna Leha (tape not clear--was it Aunt Leha?) was the mother of Josie Lewis and Edna Foster of Minton.)

--Dave Sharp

Frank Hannah told me the story about Blaine Sharp, that "LD" told us many times. Blaine lived near Sam ~~XXXXXX~~ Hannah's, I think. We often times came down and stayed with Sarah and Si at night. Blaine, brother of a Henry Sharp, was at Sarah's house when it got dark. Sarah, forgetting that Blaine didn't sleep in the extra room the night before, just told him "Blaine, you can sleep where you did last night". ha. Blaine "who was not very smart" said "It's dark, but I've got a good bed at home and I'm going there"! ha. It may have been Allie Gibson instead of ~~Sam~~ Frank that retold this story to me, but I'm pretty sure it was Frank.

---Dave Sharp

Ellis, Bowd and Sam Hannah were brothers---Frank Hannah  
A sister married John Beverage. Another sister was Nancy Dilley.  
Bowd Hannah lived near the present rt 219 road above Sam Hannah's house.  
John ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Gibson was Sam and Joe Gibson's father . -- Frank Hannah

Andy Hannah was father of John Hannah. From one of Dad's tapes.

George L. Hannah ran the "Yelk" Post Office on Elk where Don Hannah now lives-- in the same house. Si said Aunt Ella ran it when he remembered the P. O.  
Hugh, Lee, Clark and Fred Hannah were brothers--sons of Sheldon Hannah.

Allie Gibson said she taught school at Slatyfork in 1911-1912.--in the school house that burned about 1927 when the Carter's (working on the new road-building) lived in it. It was located about 200 feet from the mouth of Slatyfork creek, on the creek bank.

Ada Sharp also taught school there, perhaps about 1913-1914 ? + *Taupit Li*

When the road (now 219) was built about 1926-1927, they (Battershell Construction Co.) used a real steam shovel fired by coal or wood and operated by Mr. Carter, father of Kathleen seen in a school picture. The shovel dumped dirt in wooden dump wagons pulled by mules to a dumping place--a low place in the roadway, pull a lever and the dirt fell through. Mud was very deep and they whipped the mules with big long whips. They worked them sometimes without a collar pad and the shoulders were bleeding and red like hamburger. Several died in the flat area just up the creek where they were tied up at night. After the road was dragged flat, loads of creek rock was hauled to the road and gangs of men with sledge hammers cracked the flat rocks into fist size rocks. Then smaller sizes on top and later they hauled limestone crushed rock from over Elk Mountain etc for a topping before the tar on top.

A group of shanties were built out of rough lumber between the roadway and where the old Slatyfork creek road crossed the creek.

I asked Ivan to write some of the Civil War history he remembered being handed down to us.

May 7, 1974 Ivan L. Sharp: (copied from blurred carbon copy hand written)  
 My Dear Brothers: Please excuse the carbon copy some may get. Thanks Dave for you two letters. The Civil War history on my part has been hit with something like modern scrapbook. It is very hard to put the pieces together in proper order. It was a hit and run bush-whacking gorilla warfare except the General Lee march which camped over in your meadow across the creek from the store using the rail fences for fire wood, and they stayed some days at the knob at Gatewood farm at Linwood, then at Mingo Flats. (Dave: I believe there is a General Lee statue at Mingo Flats). The Union army came in force. In hurried retreat some cannons were supposed to have been concealed up in those sink holes up there about the Rhea Place in hopes to come back later and get. Which they may have done. The ground hogs dug out from under a big sand rock at the Rhea Place a small piece of war equipment (38 or 44), parts of a pistol. & probably hid there by the Rhea boys. ? Back to our ancestors: Jake Simmons and Walt Alless (spelling?) were the culprits that did the most damage to the community (Dave: I think Simmons was from just over the Virginia State line.) I think Uncle Luther about 14 or 16 was the one Jake Simmons killed while he was running up the mountain road back of the old house. Uncle Hugh showed me where they dug the bullet out of the shale bank. Uncle Bernard may have been killed in the Dropp Mountain battle. A group of Yankees did camp at the pineknob. I think our grandfather, Silas, and Jake Gibson had come in with others to the house for food to take back, evidently leaving most of their guns at camp. I think there were others along. The Confederate group came while they were home. Granddad hid in a box like goose nest about the old wood yard. A confederate had just shot at some of the others running away and was reloading his musket gun at his feet but had not been seen as he thought, so out he came knocked this man down and started around the house but ran into a gang and had to surrender. Was taken prisoner to (Salisbury) Salisbury S. C. (or was it N. C.) where about 95% died of starvation. After 23 months and 24 days he was one of the prisoners exchanged. They thought he would die anyway but was given a pass. He managed to get home. On the capture event one fellow got away about the old school house (where LD went to school) or cemetery. Two fellows was after him with empty guns so were ~~was~~ were losing ground. One said to the other "take my gun and I will get him" but in the race Gibson (or Hannah) pulled out a pepper box pistol and shot at the would-be captor. He stopped the chase. One of the Yankees died fighting rather than be taken, was offered for bravery life, but refused. Some ammunition was made in the cave back of the mill dam. Sulphur, salt peter and lead and rock alum was used. Mary (Dave: Uncle Hugh's sister?) a young girl about 10 died and was buried on the bank where you enter Paul's "calf house" meadow (below the store) (Dave: The highway may have gone through it). Bernard and Luther may have been buried at the Sharp graveyard. (no grave markers.) There evidently was a lot of people living up the hills and down the valleys those days around there. Uncle Henry (lived) near the sheep shed on the Middle Mountain. Uncle Harmon Sharp below the company store at Slatyfork, his children: son Albert lived with Uncle Hugh, then moved to California, and son Richard about my age, a girl Habel. Maybe others, "but" or "had" had a host of daughters: Amos Doyle, Amos Diller, George Hannah, (Sam Gibson), (Tom Liberty) and Gera went west. We are living one day at a time. No fruit or cherries, Love and Prayers, Bro Ivan.

Kenny both, Good & bad days - Not good days

I asked Si in 1976 something as at Otha Hannah, grandmother Sarah's brother about 10 or 12 who died (diphtheria) and briefly and came back to life and told about who he'd seen in heaven etc. Si: "Otha Hannah--mentioned "Aunt Martha Pazzard" who he'd never seen and one or two others he'd seen in heaven. He threw a red Handkerchief up against the ceiling where it hung about an inch from the ceiling--until after he died a second time--about the time they buried him ( Perhaps in the cemetery up at near Harry Hannah's farm home) --the handkerchief fell down across the back of a stair rocking chair. He died of Diphtheria. He told his dad, who had gone up Elk to a sale what he'd bought.--One thing was a colt he'd bought for Otha."

Jake  
Rebel

Allen  
Yankee

Jake

Bernard  
buried  
on alk

Otha  
Hannah



Interview of Mrs. Forest (Allie) Gibson in 1980 by Dave Sharp on tape recorder. 245

William Sharp's sister married David Gibson and lived where the Bob Gibsons orchard is. Bernard Sharp, killed near Bob Gibson place was buried in the Moffett cemetery on top of the butt (hill) in front of the Jim Gibson house, during Civil War. George Luther Hannah, a minister, son of David, (that's where Luther Sharp got his name) married Emma McClure and she died down here in the church and she was buried behind the Droop Mountain Church. Allie's story about Otha having died and going to heaven and returning to talk to the family was the same as down Dad's side of the family. I told Allie that Vee Hannah's daughter Evelene told me the same story came down Melinda's side of the family. Allie said: Otha told the family that Joe had gone to heaven and that any of the rest of you that want to can go too. Otha said if you want to see where heaven is I'll take you outside and show you and he whowed them the heavens were lit up beautiful. Mary (sister of Sarah) was a baby, who later married Sam Gibson and had one child, Stella who married a Fisher. Stella

Many years later when Mary's child, Stella, was perhaps a teenager, Mary in getting ready to go down to Slatyferk to see Sarah, her sister (Mrs. Silas Sharp), went into a bedroom to get some wrass to wear and saw two men in there in a vision. She didn't know them and one said "don't be frightened--we're Otha and Joe--we've come to help bear your burdens, and it won't be long till you'll go (die)". Mary was aunt Mary. Mary took Stella on behind her on the horse and went to grandma's and she cried all the way from uncle Sam Gibson's home down to Slatyferk creek and dried her tears up before she went to the house, and Stellan said: Menny cried all the way down till we got to the creek. That's the day Mary asked grandma (Sarah) if she'd take care of Stella and raise her, and ~~XXXX~~ Mary died a short few months after that. (Dave: I've heard Dad tell about Stella being raised there with him. I always thought Dad raised her, but I suppose Dad meant Stella was raised by his family--his father and mother.) Grandma Sarah lived till about 1908.

Dave: who was William Sharp? William always lived over on the Uncle Hugh Place. William owned all the Slatyferk country. They always had a mill there at Slatyferk. (Dave: I was told by Dad that there was an elder smaller mill dam there. We could see one of the dam legs, half submerged, about 30 feet above the later dam legs--where the old dam was.)

Silas gave Ella and Melinda property up Slatyferk. We still own the mineral rights to that 242 acres. We had a nice orchard up there on the place (above LD's line on Slatyferk) and a freeze came and killed most of the trees in the country and I don't know if any are alive now. (I remember 2 or 3 trees across the creek from the present Lowell Gibson cabin)

Stories about the Sharps: I can tell you one about Silas Sharp. He didn't join either side in the Civil War, because the Confederates had come in and killed his (younger?) brother Luther, 16 and a civilian, right there at the house. He wouldn't fight on either side and they sent him to prison down in Richmond and he nearly starved to death while there. He said they killed rats and cats and ate them. They'd throw a cover over a cat when they came in with a guard and ate them. Silas said he never could eat a cat but did eat rats to keep from starving. When he came home he was so poor and thin no one knew him--not even his wife-to-be Sarah, who he soon married. After he married grandma, Sarah, she later said she didn't know him when he came back. I guess they were classmates together before the war and things like that. He fell in love with grandma and was married and had "L. D.", my mother Ella and Aunt Melinda. I've heard them tell about Silas sleeping on the hard ground in prison and when he got home he couldn't sleep in a bed very well for a while--slept on the floor. I can tell a story of later on after he (Silas) was married. He had such a good sugar cane and when sugaring season was on he liked to make sugar and syrup. One time he went to sleep on Sunday and burned up his syrup. Grandmother wouldn't help him on Sundays (Sarah's parents wouldn't even cook on Sunday--Dave Hannah). The next Sunday the same thing or similar, he lost his syrup. Do you remember, Dave? (I said: I thought it was uncle Hugh who was wined if he made syrup on Sunday he'd lose everything trying to do it on Sunday, but apparently it was Silas, and Dad told me one time the wooden trough sprung a leak and lost all the sugar water, and another time he spilled it.) Allie said: and the 3rd time he said: "this is one time Sally's (he called Sarah by "Sally") prayers won't be answered, and he was going home with two big buckets of syrup and on his way home stubbed his toe and on a briar and spilled most of it and said: "I'll never try it again". Allie assured me it was Silas instead of Hugh. 245

2) Interview of Mrs. Forest (Allie) Gibson in 1980 by Dave Sharp in two different interviews. 246 ①

246 Allie: I know something Sarah did. LD was going to see a school teacher and he came to my mother (Ella), to see a teacher who was boarding with mother. Her name was Lena Kellison from Hillsboro and was teaching school across the road from mom's. He'd come up several times on Sunday to see her. Someone (his mother Sarah) put some bread in his pocket so when he got off his horse at the barn he threw out the bread from his pocket and the chickens were running around with bread in their mouths, and that was a joke on him. (Allie implied that LD was embarrassed and didn't go see her anymore.) (Hanging)

It was the same Kellisons from Hillsboro that built Dad's big house. (Hanging)

My father was killed up here on Elk, near Robert Gibson's house and buried at the Meffett's cemetery, on the hill in front of Jim Gibson's big house, across the road and up on a high knoll. (Jim Gibson was father of Forest, Winters, Summers, etc.)

There is no markers up at that graveyard. Not even of my granddad. (which granddad?) I don't know where young Luther was buried. Otha was probably buried over at the Hannah cemetery where Marvin Hannah lived and now owned by Harry Hannah. Joe Hannah and wife Elizabeth, father of John Hannah was buried in the Hannah cemetery. I saw his marker.

The Indians crossed through above here (mountain) and came down through here.

"Jane" (XXXXXXXXXX) Hannah was a daughter of a pioneer and married to Joe Barlow and lived at the Barlow place (on Elk Mt.). She was a sister of David. (Shut Hannah)

Uncle George Hannah was the son of David Hannah and died in Hinton and he was a preacher and preached at Buck, W. Va. and died there and buried there. He was keeping grandma Hannah, his mother, and she died down there and is buried next at \_\_\_\_\_. (Other deep)

Most of the Hannahs were buried at the Hannah cemetery on Elk.

Melinda Hannah married John Rose in Webster Co. Their daughter Stella died last year at about 96.

Bowd Hannah was Sam Hannah's brother.

Otha's father, David, went to a sale (Martha Buzzard's? --recording weak

to get a horse but brought a cow home instead, I think. Otha told them before his father came home, that he'd bought a cow. Otha threw a handkerchief to the ceiling and it fell across a chair at the time Otha's body was lowered into the grave. He said he couldn't put the baby (Mary) in the fire and it wouldn't hurt her, but they wouldn't let him.

at '80 Grand father Silas would take us on his knee when I visited them. Ada and a bunch of us and Violet was smaller. And he'd sing "Hobbie horse and two little girls riding a saddle" "Hobbiedegig, hobbiedegig, two little girls riding a saddle".

William Sharp's sister was Mary Gibson--David Gibson's wife.

David Hannah must have been buried over here in the Hannah Cemetery. Aunt Hester Sicafoose Hannah, David's wife) is buried at Buck, W. Va.

Rev George Hannah was the minister. Son of David. He was not George L. Hannah.

Rev. Geo. Hannah took care of his mother, Mrs. David Hannah, at Buck.

He and his mother were buried there.

escal of the story told in July: Mary Gibson and her daughter Stella planned to go to Slatyfork to see her mother Sara Sharp. She went in a room to get her wraps to go and there were two men standing in there and she didn't know them and they happened to be her brothers, Otha and Joe. They said "We're Otha and Joe, You've had a lot of troubles and we've come to help you bear them.--she'd been sick. She was only a baby when they died and she didn't know them. She (Mary) cried all the way down to Grandma's. Stella held her grandma that her mother had cried all the way down. XXXX Stella told her grandma about the vision. That was when Mary asked Sarah to take care of Stella and raise her and she did, (Mary died soon after that). We all thought a lot of Stella. Stella was really mom's step-sister, you might say. She wasn't adopted, though. Stella married a Fischer and died in Elkins, and had a son named Rocky.

Uncle George Hannah's wife died in the church. He married Emma McClure from Deep--she was buried there. Aunt Mag Hannah and Edith Calahan--all buried in Deep Mt. Cemetery--tombstones.

George L. Hannah was John Hannah's boy.

David and John were brothers. George L. (Luther) is the one that had the post office at Yelk (near Marvin Hannah's, where Don Hannah lives--the same house). There was a post office near Charleston named Elk, so they spelled it Yelk by adding a "Y" to it. I suppose the first post office in the area was there. (I believe she said the post office was there in the 1800's.)

David and John's parents, Joe and Elizabeth (Burnside) were buried in the Hannah cemetery.

John P. Hannah's mother was a Burnside.

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